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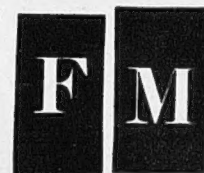
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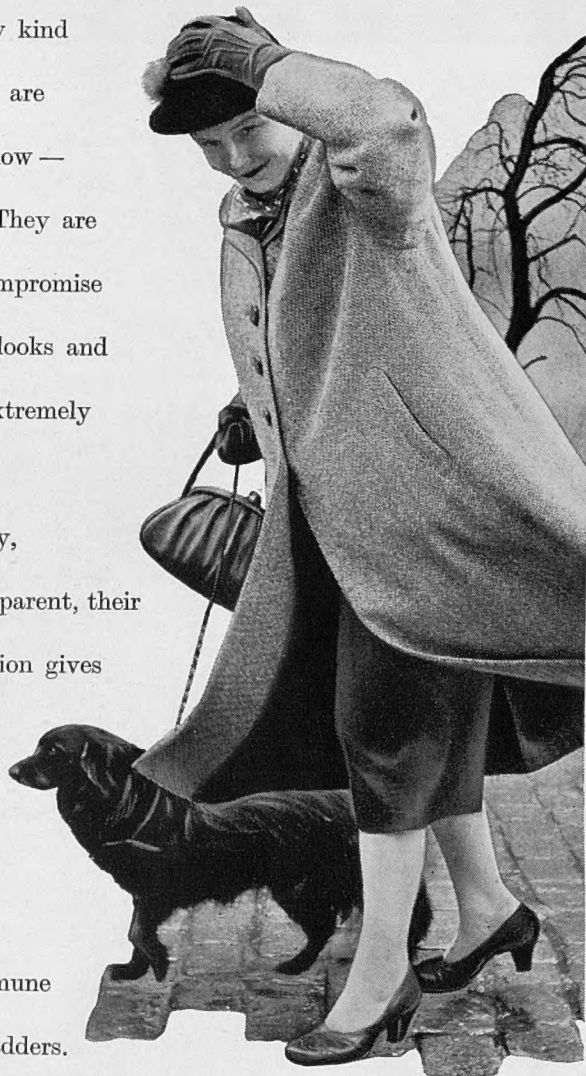
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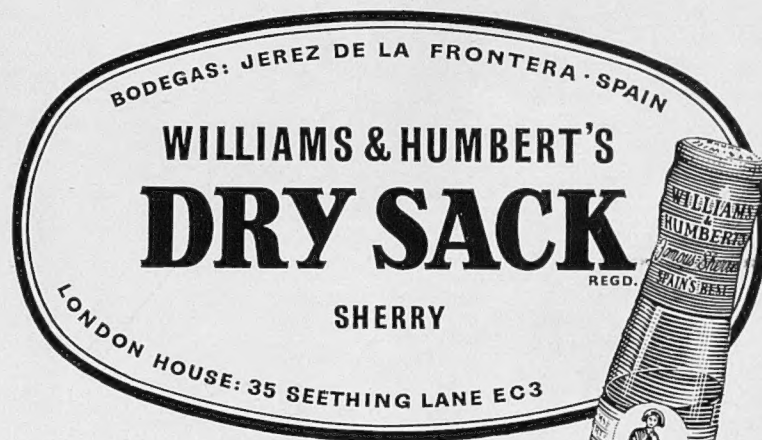
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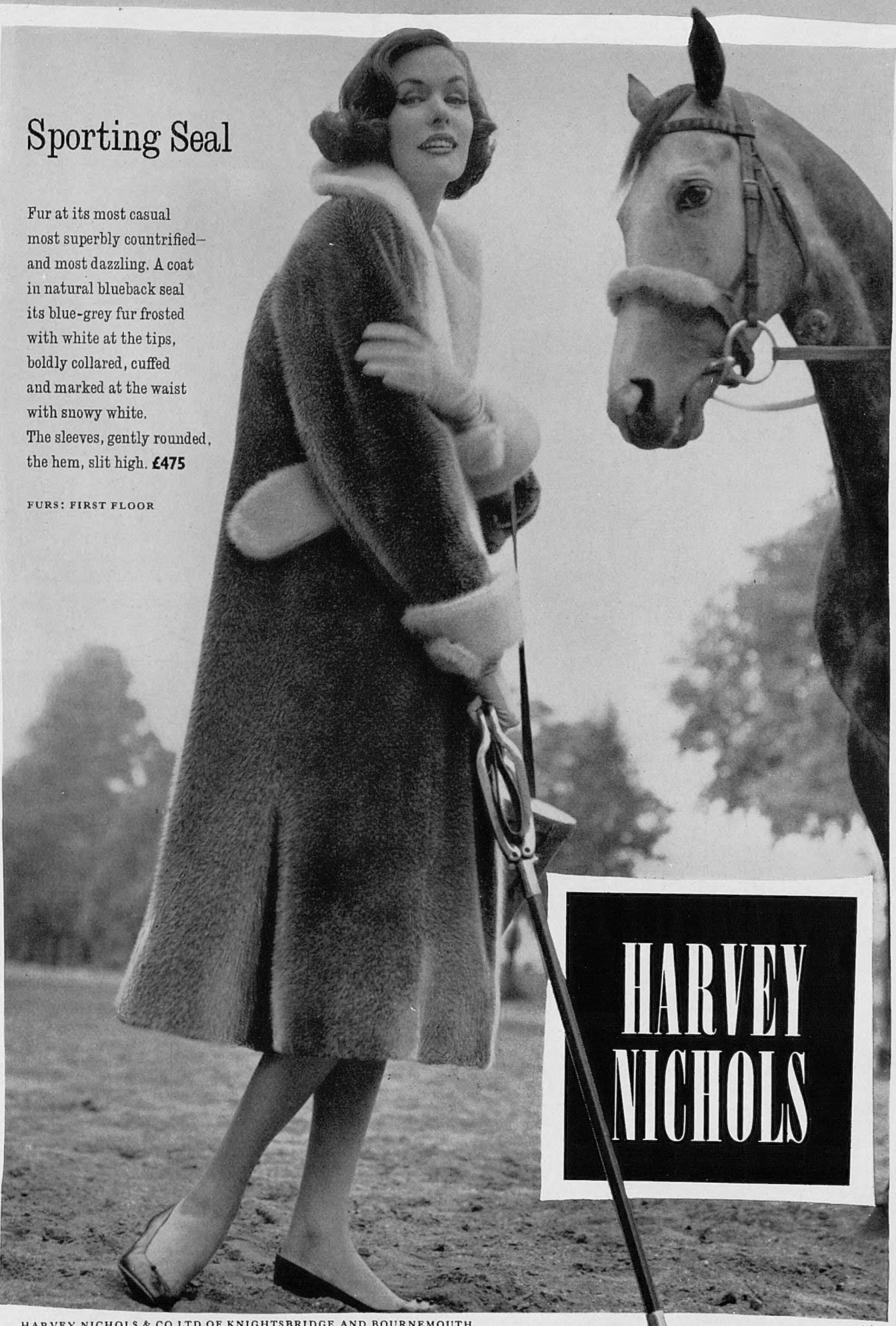
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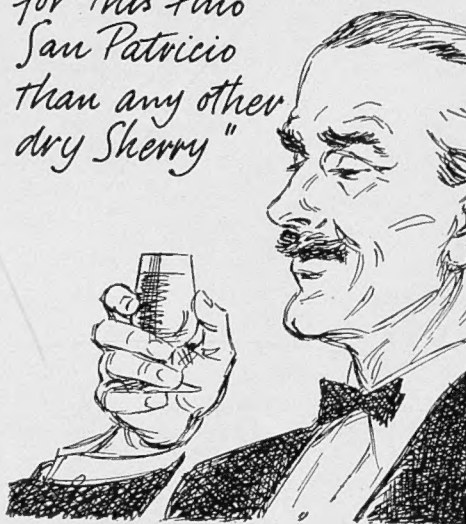
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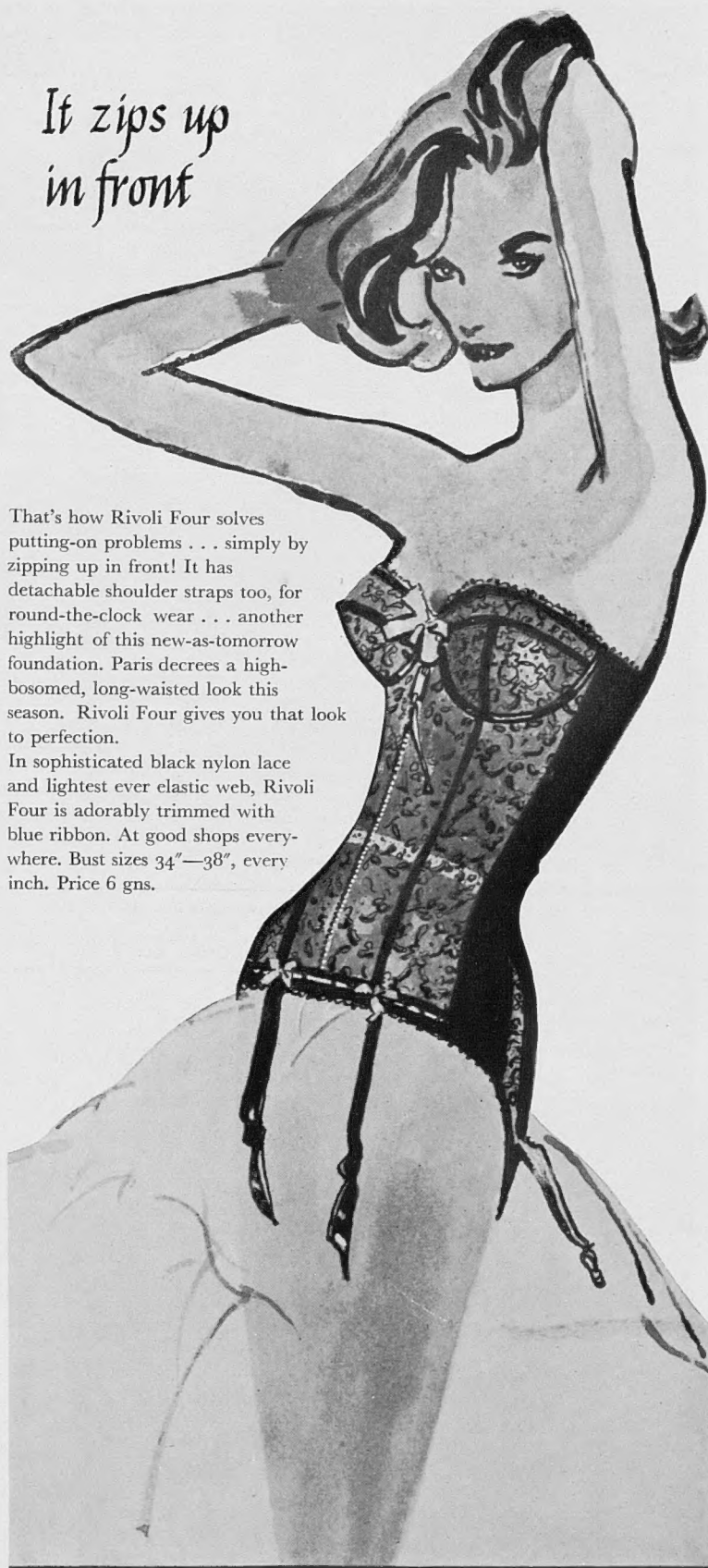
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DIARY OF THE WEEK

From October 24 to October 31



MRS. ROBERT APPELBEE, whose picture appears on the cover, is the twenty-three year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Stoakes, of Tunbridge Wells, Kent. She recently married Mr. Robert Appelbee, who is a director of a shipping firm. Mrs. Appelbee now lives in Egerton Gardens, S.W.3, and takes a keen interest in music and the theatre. She is also an enthusiastic sports car owner and enjoys nothing better than driving her new Austin-Healey

Oct. 24 (Wed.) The Queen visits the headquarters of the Royal Engineers at Chatham.

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother will be present at the annual Seafarers' Service in St. Paul's. Princess Marie-Louise, as ball president, attends the 500 Ball in aid of the British Rheumatic Association at Claridge's.

The Racehorse Owners' Association Dinner-Dance at the Dorchester.

Oct. 24-26. Autumn Fair, Londonderry House.

Oct. 25 (Thurs.) The Queen Mother opens the new reservoir at Pitsford, Northants.

The Duchess of Gloucester visits hospitals and schools for the blind during her visit to Liverpool, and attends a ball at the Wellington Rooms, Mount Pleasant, in aid of the League of Well-Doers.

New English Art Club Exhibition at the R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk Street.

New Forest Pony Sales at Beaulieu Road, Hants. Western National Cage Bird Show at Bath (two days).

Racing at Newbury (three days).

Oct. 26 (Fri.) The R.W.S. Autumn Exhibition and the R.M.S. Annual Exhibition at the R.W.S. galleries, Conduit Street (to Nov. 22).

Colchester Oyster Feast, Colchester, Essex.

Southern Dachshund Association Championship Show at Seymour Hall, London.

Racing at Doncaster (two days).

Oct. 27 (Sat.) Racing at Chepstow.

Oct. 28 (Sun.) Battersea Festival Gardens and Fun Fair closes for the winter.

Oct. 29 (Mon.) The Queen attends the Royal Film Performance in aid of the Cinematograph Trade Benevolent Fund at the Empire, Leicester Square.

Blackpool Annual Musical Festival (to Nov. 3).

Racing at Wye (one day), Nottingham (two days).

Oct. 30 (Tues.) Princess Margaret attends a cocktail party given by Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps, of which she is Colonel-in-Chief, at the Royal College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn. The Queen will hold an investiture at Buckingham Palace, at 11 a.m.

The Queen Mother attends the opening of the Louis Sterling Library at the Senate House, London University.

Racing at Newmarket; the Houghton Meeting (three days).

Oct. 31 (Wed.) The salmon fishing season ends in England and Wales.

Hallow-e'en Ball at the Dorchester Hotel.

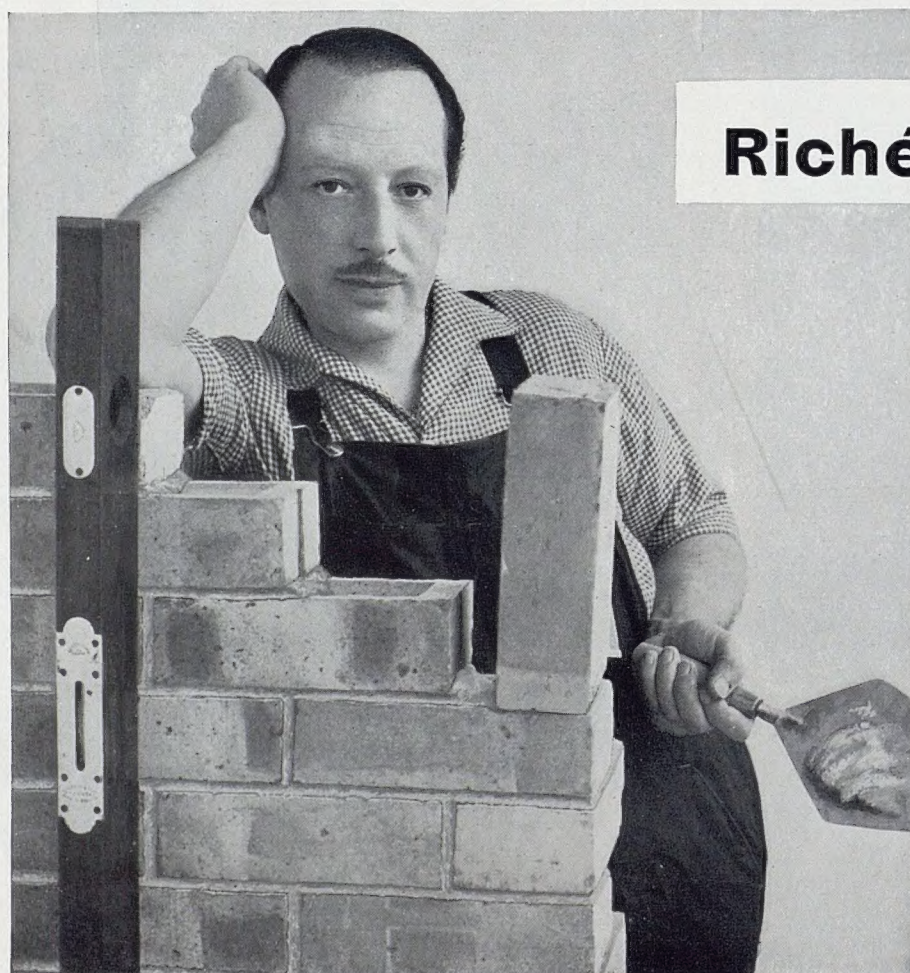
Fiesta Ball at the May Fair Hotel in aid of the Institute for the Study and Treatment of Delinquency.

Newmarket Houghton Sales (two days).

The Ladies Kennel Association Championship Dog Show at Olympia.

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Clayton Evans

Group Captain and Mrs. Douglas Bader

GROUP CAPTAIN AND MRS. DOUGLAS BADER, photographed in their new London home in South Kensington. The film, "Reach For The Sky," from the biography of Group Captain Bader, by Paul Brickhill, has made his name familiar to an even

wider public than before, and is a fitting tribute to a man of great courage. Group Captain Bader, whose decorations include the D.S.O. and Bar, and the D.F.C. and Bar, is now responsible for the air operations of one of the big oil companies



THE HON. MRS. SIMON WARRENDER with her three children, Alexander Simon, aged eleven months, Alicia Maud, three years, and Edwina Jane Maitland, four and a half, seen at their home in Victoria, Australia. Mrs. Warrender's husband is the second son of Lord Bruntisfield, and has been in Australia for five years, where he has established an insurance broker's organization

Social Journal

Jennifer

THE QUEEN AT HARRINGAY

ON the second night after her return from Balmoral, the Queen, looking more beautiful than ever, attended the Horse of the Year Show at Harringay. She was accompanied by Prince Philip, who a few days later left on his four months' world tour. With them in the Royal Box were the Earl and Countess of Harewood, the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, and Mrs. Mike Ansell, whose husband Lt.-Col. Mike Ansell is the leading light of the B.S.J.A., and is one of the two directors of this Show with Mr. Frank Gentle.

The Queen wore a short blu mink cape over a jacket and ballet length skirt of sapphire blue silk velvet. With this she wore a five row pearl and diamond choker necklace with the diamond and sapphire clasp in front. As with everything they attend, the Queen and Prince Philip took the keenest interest in each item on the programme. These included the finals of three jumping competitions, the Foxhunter Championship which was won by Mr. G. H. Van Raalte's "Andrew Cobb, Esq., M.F.H.," ridden by J. Weaver, and the Gordon Richards Stakes, in which time is taken so seriously into account. This was won by the brilliant Italian rider Lt. D. d'Inzeo riding "Moreno," Mr. T. Molyneux was second on Mr. W. Whewell's "Quality," and the elder d'Inzeo brother, Capt. P. d'Inzeo, was third on "Celebration."

THE last event of the evening, the Fred Foster Memorial Jumping Competition, proved the most exciting of the whole evening. Ten horses and riders completed two clear rounds each. Then when two of the jumps were raised higher again, one to 5 ft. 6 in. with a 5 ft. 6 in. spread, and the other to 6 ft., three competitors, Miss Elizabeth Anderson riding her "Sunsalve," Mr. Peter Robeson riding his "Craven A.," and eighteen-year-old Mr. Tom Barnes riding "Sudden," all completed a third clear round. At this stage the second jump was raised to 6 ft. 3 in., but in the first jump off, all three competitors had four faults. Then they took the two jumps again with the same result, so it was decided to split the prize and make them three equal firsts.

Also competing in this competition were Miss Dawn Palethorpe on

"Earlsrath Rambler," Miss Pat Smythe on "Prince Hal," Mr. R. Wyles on Mrs. William Hanson's "The Monarch," and Mr. Wilf White on "Nizefella," who were among those who did two clear rounds.

THE Challenge Cup for the Hunter of the Year was awarded during the evening to the grey "Mighty Grand" owned by Miss Patricia Cope. Other items on an excellent programme included a miniature replica of the Vale of Aylesbury Steeplechase, 1834, carried out by the young members of thirteen branches of the Pony Club, an exhibition of dressage by the Olympic Gold Medallist Major St. Cyr of Sweden, riding "Juli," a musical drive by heavy horses, and a parade of the Horse Personalities of 1956. These included the Queen Mother's chaser "Devon Loch," who had virtually won the Grand National until he floundered a few yards from the winning post, and the ultimate winner "E.S.B.," ridden by his National jockey Dave Dick. Also the Queen's golden dun Mongolian stallion "Zamon," which was presented to Her Majesty by Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Kruschew.

Other personalities were Miss Sheila Wilcox and "High and Mighty," winner of international and other horse trials this year, Miss Gladys Yule's famous Arab stallion "Count Dorsaz" and his prizewinning son "Count Orlando" and "Blinkers," a grey donkey belonging to Mr. B. E. George, who bought him at Barnet Fair for £9. This year he won the Coster's Championship at the White City, and appeared at Harringay pulling his cart, laden with fruit and vegetables. The last to appear was that great show jumper, Lt.-Col. Harry Llewellyn's fifteen-year-old "Foxhunter," who was retired in August after winning his last international competition at the Dublin Horse Show. He was led round the arena by seventy-eight year old Mr. George Legge, who has worked for Col. Llewellyn, and his father before him, for over thirty years.

Also in the audience that evening were the Duke of Norfolk, and the Hon. Lionel and Lady Helene Berry, just back from the U.S. accompanied by their daughters Mary Anne and Caroline. Mrs. Alex Abel Smith and Cdr. David Loram, who were in attendance, were sitting near the Royal Box with Mr. and Mrs. Peter Cazalet. Mrs. Parker Bowles and her sister Mrs. James Bowes-Lyon were watching

from one of the boxes, and sitting nearby were Ann Lady Orr-Lewis with Mrs. Jean Garland, the Hon. John and Mrs. Coventry, Mr. and Mrs. Slesinger, with Major W. H. Mackenzie, one of the directors of Harringay, Col. Gerald Critchley, another director, and his wife, who had Capt. Stretton Dixon with them. I also saw Mrs. Laurence Rook, Mrs. William Hanson, Mr. James Smith-Maxwell, Mr. Pat Dennis, Lady Perdita Blackwood, with a party of young friends, and the Hon. Mrs. James Baird, who was quickly down from her seat to join her daughter, when her son-in-law, Mr. W. McCully, had what at first appeared to be a very nasty fall in one of the jumping events.

★ ★ ★

MR. GEOFFREY CROSS and his bride Miss Jill Edwards had their wedding reception at the Hyde Park Hotel, after their marriage at St. Columba's, Pont Street. The bride looked very sweet in a beautiful white lace dress, with a tulle veil held in place by a circlet of orange blossom, and her three bridesmaids were dressed in most becoming deep red velvet dresses, with rose petals in their hair.

Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Edwards, received the guests with the bridegroom's brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Cross. Among the friends present were many from the horse show and racing world. Mr. Cyril Hall, who is in charge of the Aga Khan's studs in Ireland, was best man and proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom. The Earl of Westmorland came with Lt.-Col. Gerard Leigh, who commands the Life Guards, and I saw Count Orssich, Col. Hance, Mr. Samuelson, who runs one of the big Irish studs most successfully, and his charming wife, Mr. and Mrs. Teddy Orr and Mrs. Cyril Hall with her young daughter. The young couple are spending part of their honeymoon in America, where they hope to see the big International Race at Laurel Park.

FROM here I went on to the Dorchester for the reception, after the marriage at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, of Mr. George Darwin, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. William Darwin, and Miss Shuna Service, daughter of Mr. Ronald Service and Mrs. Russell Weileman. The colour scheme of this wedding was deep cream to deep flame, which was carried out by the flowers in the church, then reflected by the bride's exquisite dress which was of deepest cream satin, and the bridesmaids' dresses of flame coloured faille with leaves of a deeper

shade in their hair. The bridesmaids were the bridegroom's sister Miss Jane Darwin, the Hon. Joanna Cavendish, Miss Iona Payton Reid, Miss Caroline Braby, Miss Anne McIntyre, Miss Joyce Robinson, and Miss Anthea Doresa, while Mr. Philip Darwin was best man to his brother.

The ballroom of the Dorchester was packed with friends who had come to wish the young couple good luck, among them Lord and Lady Chesham, Mrs. Ernest Simpson who was off next day abroad on a business trip for a month with her husband, her daughter Mrs. Spencer Le Marchant, the bride's brother Mr. Garry Service, Mr. and Mrs. Morley Kennerly and their daughter Diana, Mrs. Stent and her daughter Belinda, Mrs. Hubert Raphael and Col. Walford.

The bride's mother wore a striking shade of blue with a furry hat to match, and the bridegroom's mother was very good looking in deep oyster grey satin and a small hat.

★ ★ ★

THE most social event in the golfing world is the annual Mixed Foursomes meeting at Worplesdon. Although the games are played with great earnestness, there is an informal garden party atmosphere of friendly encounters and many people living in the neighbourhood have luncheon and cocktail parties during the meeting. I went down to watch the play on the second day, when there must have been nearly 1,500 spectators following the various matches. The biggest gallery was of those following the nineteen-year-old British amateur champion John Beharrell and his youthful partner, twenty-year-old Miss Bridget Jackson, who is lady champion of Great Britain and Belgium. They are not only two very fine players who are a real pleasure to watch, but they both have exceptionally good manners and good match temperaments. Even when three down at one period of the morning they showed no sign of nerves and took the temporary setback philosophically. In this match they were playing John Gregory, the left-handed Australian, and Dorothea Somerville, a Scottish international.

Mr. Leonard Crawley, a great character of the golfing world, and his partner Miss Enid Wilson, a former British lady champion, had another big crowd following them in their morning match against

[Continued overleaf]



A. V. Swacoe



Sir William and Lady Halcrow.
Below: Lord Clitheroe and Miss
Gray Ward



Miss Dell Gibbons and Lt. A.
Casdagli, R.N. Below: Mr. and
Mrs. Humphrey Bowles



RED ROSE IN LONDON

THE Association of Lancastrians in London held their annual dinner-dance at the Dorchester. The chairman, Lord Kershaw, received the guests with the Lord Mayors of Liverpool and Manchester, and the Mayor of Prestwich. Above: Lady Hacking seen with Sir Harry Brittain and Lord Hacking



COSTA RICA'S MINISTER

H.E. the Senora Virginia Prestinary de Gallegos, the Minister for Costa Rica at the Court of St. James's, entertained the President of her country this month when he paid a three-day official visit to Britain. She has the distinction of being not only one of the youngest, but the only woman diplomatic envoy in this country

Photographed by
Godfrey Cake

Miss J. King and Mr. David Frame, who defeated them by five and four. David Frame, who is a member of the Worplesdon club, is a very promising young player and recently beat the amateur record around Worplesdon golf course. The only mother and son entry, Mrs. A. A. Marr—who looked like a ray of sunshine on a foggy morning, in her yellow jacket and beret to match—and Donald Marr, were beaten in the third round by Miss Angela Ward and M. F. Bonallack.

In the afternoon I watched Gerald Micklem, a former amateur champion, and his very attractive French partner Mlle. Odile Semelaigne playing part of their match against Mr. and Mrs. Don. Allom, which they won by three and two. Micklem and his petite partner played some very fine golf in this tournament to reach the final round, when they were defeated by the winners, Major Dalton Henderson and Mrs. Charles Abrahams, by three and two. Another interesting match I watched was the one which George Beharrell, uncle of the present amateur champion, and his partner Mrs. Valentine (*née* Jessie Anderson), a former British champion, played against John Thornhill, a former Surrey champion, and Miss Elizabeth Price, a Curtis Cup player, which ended in a victory for George Beharrell and Mrs. Valentine at the 19th.

★ ★ ★

THE start of play was delayed for half an hour by fog, which began to thicken again as the last match was played. This was when John Beharrell and Miss Jackson defeated J. D. Moore and Mrs. Joll by three and two. The match ended dramatically on the sixteenth green, where John Beharrell sank a very long putt to give them the hole in two.

It was rather a coincidence when, the following day, George Beharrell and partner were beaten in the fourth round by Major Henderson and Mrs. Abrahams who that afternoon, playing in the semi-finals, went on to defeat nephew John Beharrell and Miss Jackson.

Spectators enjoying this exceedingly good golf included Lord Charles Hope, Mrs. Critchley (who as Diana Fishwick was British lady champion), Sir Basil Eddis, a great supporter of this meeting, whom I saw talking to Mr. and Mrs. Pat Wilkins, Miss Jean Donald, a good player who was defeated this year in the first round, and Sir Adrian Jarvis talking to Mr. Gordon Harold, who recently won the Captain's Prize at Worplesdon, and Mrs. Harold. At the 8th I saw Col. and Mrs. A. A. Duncan, who had been beaten by Mrs. Singleton and W. D. Smith, while at other vantage points of the course I met Mr. and Mrs. Pat Milligan and their pretty daughter Jennifer, Mrs. Tony Tate whose husband was playing in the competition—they gave

a cocktail party on the final day—Mrs. Walter Stern, Mrs. William Darwin and Capt. Philip and the Hon. Mrs. Glover, who have a nice house behind the seventeenth green, where their friends enjoyed their kind hospitality and the delicious cooking of their good cook Mrs. Butler during the meeting.

★ ★ ★

ARCHBISHOP ROBERTS, S.J., assisted by Father Philip Caraman, S.J., performed the service at the wedding of Mr. Peter Railing, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Railing, and Miss Joanna Lyle Cameron, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. Lyle Cameron, which took place at the Brompton Oratory. Nuptial Mass was said by Father Basil Gurrin, S.J., and an address given by Monsignor Vernon Johnson.

The bride, who had a retinue of four bridesmaids and one page, wore a dress of cream brocade, while a head-dress of white hyacinths held her tulle veil in place.

After the ceremony Dr. and Mrs. Lyle Cameron, the latter in sage green with touches of pink, and Mr. Norman Railing and Mrs. Railing, who wore a flowered toque with her black dress, received the guests at a reception at the Hyde Park Hotel. Among members of the family were the bridegroom's grandmother, Mrs. A. Railing, his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Dickson Moyse, the bride's uncles and aunts, Mr. and Mrs. Lynn Leyland and Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald; also Sir Harry and Lady Railing, the Hon. Thomas Ponsonby, the Hon. Mrs. Zulueta, Sir George and Lady Aylwen, Lady Napier in blue, Mr. Leslie and the Hon. Mrs. Gamage and her sister the Hon. Mrs. Rose, Lady Baillieu, Sir Harold and Lady Hood, M. H. Trulin, who came over from Paris for the wedding, the Hon. Sarah Rothschild, and Mr. Leo Rothschild who was among the ushers with the bride's brother Mr. J. Lyle Cameron, Lord Roger Manners, Sir Charles McLeod, Sir David Reynolds and Mr. David Leyland.

Mr. George Scott-Moncrieff was best man, and was one of the many friends who cheered the young couple off on their honeymoon, which is being spent in France and Italy.

★ ★ ★

GLORIOUS dahlias, chrysanthemums and Michaelmas daisies, beautifully arranged in vases, decorated the library, the ballroom and the banquet hall of Knebworth House for the joint dance which Mrs. Scobie Gilmer and Mrs. Robert Fender gave for their daughters, Belinda Gilmer and Fiona Fender, who made their début

this year. The two girls stood with their parents receiving their guests in the library, Belinda looking very pretty in a mauve tulle dress with a velvet bodice, and Fiona in a dress of yellow and brown shot silk organza.

Many friends in the district had house parties and dinner parties for the dance, which was a very gay affair and a great reunion for many young friends who had spent the summer holidays in various parts of the country or abroad. Lady Mary Maitland, who had her own coming-out dance at the home in Scotland of her grandparents, the Earl and Countess of Lauderdale, was dancing, as were Miss Sally Hambro who had just enjoyed a holiday in Italy with her parents, Miss Belinda Pascoe, gay and vivacious Miss Susy Hennessy in a lovely pale blue and white tulle dress, Miss Gay Lowson, the Hon. Susan Lever, Miss Kirsty Sellar, a pretty girl wearing a striped silk dress, Miss Susie Eykyn in white, Miss Penelope Kemp-Welch in a pink tulle crinoline dress and Miss Caroline Dowding dancing with Mr. Jamie Illingworth.

Also there were Miss Caroline Hill, Miss Elizabeth Gibbs, Miss Clarissa Villar-Smith, Miss Didi Tuckett, Miss Jane Scarlett, daughter of our ambassador in Oslo, and Lady Scarlett, who looked most attractive in red organza, and Miss Jennifer Anderson, who came with her parents Sir Donald and Lady Anderson. The Andersons are giving a dance for Jennifer at Claridge's on December 20 which they are sharing with Mrs. Cyril Kleinwort for her daughter Charlotte.

YOUNG men included Mr. Barry Maxwell, Mr. Edward Dawson, Mr. Richard Redmayne, Mr. Nigel Robinson, Mr. John Adams, Mr. David Walker, Mr. Roger, Mr. Christopher, and Mr. David Gibbs, and Mr. Ian Henderson; also Mr. Ian Fraser-Mackenzie who, like Mr. Robert Spencer-Nairn and Mr. Alan Macintosh, is up at Cambridge. The last two spent several weeks of last long vacation motoring through France to stay in the South of Italy where they had wonderful bathing and underwater fishing before returning to their homes in Scotland, where they enjoyed the very gay season there last month.

There were very few older guests at the dance, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Richard Bott who brought their daughter Jennifer, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McCorquodale who were among those who gave dinner parties for the ball, Mrs. Frank Pawle and her very attractive younger daughter Mrs. Ottar Malm over on a holiday from Oslo where she lives with her husband and two young children, and Mrs. Pawle's old family Nanny, Miss Amy Murphy, who joined Mrs. Gilmer's Nanny, Miss Elliot, to watch Belinda, whom they have known all her life, enjoying with her young friends this very good dance.

★ ★ ★

ON November 6 many people will spend a very original evening at Christie's Great Rooms, 8 King Street, St. James's. At 9 p.m. there will be a sale of works of art for the centenary fund of the Hospital of St. John and St. Elizabeth. Among gifts for sale is an ivory statuette sent by His Holiness the Pope, a pair of Georgian silver candelabra from the Duke of Norfolk and a large table plateau from Viscount Furness.

H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent is attending a recital to be given by Malcuzynski on November 12 at the Royal Albert Hall in aid of the Life-Boat Service. Tickets for the recital from the chairman, Mrs. Alexander Eddy, at 42 Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.

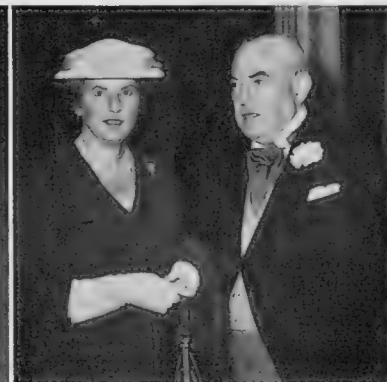


A Knightsbridge wedding

MR. PETER RAILING recently married Miss Joanna Lyle Cameron at Brompton Oratory. Above: The bride and bridegroom cutting their cake



Major and Mrs. Norman Railing, the bridegroom's parents



Dr. and Mrs. J. Lyle Cameron, the parents of the bride



A. V. Swaiche

Mr. Neville Clifford-Jones with Miss Caroline FitzGerald and Miss Sara Gulland



Mrs. and Mr. Peter Eliot, their son Dominic, Mr. D. Leyland, Miss J. Dixon



Mr. Vernon Johnson, Mrs. and Mr. Henry Wollaston and Mrs. Robin McEwen



Desmond O'Neill

IN HONOUR OF COLUMBUS

A LARGE diplomatic party was given by the Spanish Ambassador at his Embassy on the anniversary of the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus. Above: The Spanish Ambassador, Lady Beatty and the Portuguese Ambassador



The Cuban Ambassador, Dr. Mendoza, in conversation with Mrs. John Dewar



Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Kinsman taking a glass of wine together



Senorita Carmen Munoz, Viscountess Villa Miranda, Mrs. R. Mundy and Mr. Pepe Solsona beneath a painting by Francisco Bayeu



Mrs. Raphael Valls and Lady Melchett, wife of Lord Melchett



Mr. Robert Hornstein, Mrs. J. Shepridge, Miss Linda Metcalfe and Mr. John Shepridge were other guests at this very good party



Senora Luis Lopez Ballesteros and Mrs. E. Fuchs standing in front of a painting by Ramon Bayeu in the ballroom

*The
TATLER
and
Bystander,
OCTOBER 24,
1956
211*



The Hon. Robin Warrender was talking to Mrs. David Naylor-Leyland



The Venezuelan Ambassador, Mlle. Maribel Arrieta and H.E. Dr. Thomen



Viscount and Viscountess Vaughan were also among the guests



REFLECTIONS ON STAYING THE NIGHT

• SPIKE HUGHES •

I KNOW there is a firm distinction to be made between "staying the night" and "spending the night," but I do not propose to try and define it. Or if I must, then let it be enough to suggest that "spending the night" is an emotional experience—romantic, sordid, amusing according to circumstances—whereas "staying the night" is an action dictated by reason. A further variant—"stopping the night"—is largely concerned with missing the last train home, alcohol and German bombs, and is a situation over which one has no control.

Staying the night, as I understand it, is an art within an art. It is an essential part of the art of successful travel, and while its practice is merely a means to an end (for obviously you only stay the night on the way to somewhere) it can nevertheless be made into an enjoyable experience in its own right, as pleasant in its way as any of the nights you may pass when you reach your destination.

There is no doubt that the most convenient way of travelling, if staying the night is to be enjoyed for its own sake, is by car; but it must be a leisurely journey, especially through France and Italy, which are the most rewarding countries for staying the night in. As I grow older I have evolved a personal technique, but its emulation is recommended only to those of similar temperament; it is the simple, straightforward act of making for the most likely-looking restaurant at nightfall and staying in the rooms which are nearly always available above it; or in the house next door, anyway, where the headwaiter's sister lives. But that is in a sense staying-the-night *de luxe*, and as irrelevant to this present thesis as the recommendation that the best way of staying the night on a journey is to remain in your *wagon lit*.

ONCE the charm and possibilities of normal staying-the-night are recognized, however, it is essential (if the experience is to be enjoyed to the full) to use a different route on the outward journey from the one by which you return. You might just as well go by air as dash madly through the same countryside between Dunkirk and the Riviera, outward and inward. But though the route may differ, the approach to the subject is the same whether you are heading south or north: what you want after a long day's driving is peace and quiet and a good dinner at a reasonable price.

I have always found that the longest day's driving in anybody's born days is the one that starts on leaving the Night Ferry at

Dunkirk, and it is disheartening to find that between the Channel and your first day's end there is no handy *hotel isole* to head for. The *hotels isolés* are indicated in the Guide Michelin by what appears to be a red bird singing on a rocking chair; the Guide used to have a special map showing where you might expect to find these hotels, but for some reason that seems to have been discontinued. On the other hand, the Guide Michelin of a couple of years ago is always more fun than the current issue; it has the map of the *hotels isolés* and all you need do about the prices is multiply them by 500 to discover what your French trip is likely to cost *this* time.

There is, however, only a couple of miles to the west of the road between Troyes and Dijon, an enchanting hotel which has all the amenities of an *hotel isole* without being (as many are) difficult to find.

The hotel that I am thinking about is at Bar-sur-Seine, a little community of 1,800 inhabitants, a church and an hotel. I first heard about it from a young honeymoon couple; my suspicion that their recommendation was coloured by intensely rose-coloured spectacles was quickly dispelled.



THE hotel, with the forbidding name of "Hotel Commerce," is on the banks of the Seine which at this point is no wider than the Thames at Oxford; there is a terrace at the water's edge, trout jumping in the river, and at night the only sound to be heard from your bedroom is the water falling over the weir. There are few

more idyllic surroundings in which to refresh and rest the body and mind after that first exhausting day's driving.

The second place to stay the night at on this southward journey is one I found on my own honeymoon—a genuinely *isole* hotel which must be sought out only in daylight, for the road leading to it three or four miles from the right bank of the Rhone is precipitous, one-track and scarcely discernible on even the largest-scale map. In fact it is quite a notable watering place. The Michelin rates it as a restaurant with rooms and a post office at the happily-named village of Charmes; when you are thereabouts you will find it by asking for St. Georges-les-Bains, where you will discover the pleasantest contrast you could wish to the din and brashness of the Route Nationale 7 which you have wisely just left.

However, if nightingales in season and the bubbling of a spring outside your window, the most remarkable *vinaigre maison* you have ever tasted and a supremely well-run man-and-wife concern

(there is no such thing as a menu, for there is no need of it; eat what you're given), sounds a little too adventurous and ambitious a project for the not-yet-fully-qualified staying-the-night traveller then the alternative at this stage of the journey is simple. You are extremely likely to have reached—on R.N.7—at the time when you are beginning to feel you have had enough of the Route du Soleil, the twin towns of Tain l'Hermitage and Tournon.

Tain is on the left bank of the Rhône, Tournon across the bridge on the right bank. The careless traveller will not recognize that the Buda (or Minneapolis) of Tain has a Pest (or St. Paul) of Tournon and will perhaps elect to stay the night at Tain. Why not, for Tain is famous for its excellent food and local wines, red, *rosé* and a remarkable white wine grown on the hill at the back of the town that tastes of wild honey without being sweet?

Stay at Tain if you must; but if you do you will be within earshot of a couple of right-angle turns of R.N.7, used incessantly through the night by gear-changing petrol floats (they change gear whichever direction they are going in). There is no respite with the dawn, as there can be with toothache, for with daylight the traffic grows worse. Across the river, (according to the signs as I remember them when there was a very frail temporary bridge, 182 metres from Tain to Tournon, but 188 metres from Tournon to Tain) there is peace, quiet and nothing louder than the swirl of the Rhône against its bank to disturb you. Eat, drink and make merry in Tain, but do not expect to be able to sleep a wink there.

YOU may differ, but I find that the return journey to the Channel from the Riviera by car always takes at least one night longer. Perhaps because one has lost all sense of urgency after the weeks in the sun, or merely because one is just naturally reluctant to hurry back. The return journey, however, is even more important in its way than the outward one from the point of view of staying the night. On the way back you must make the most of Last Chances of collecting things—not just experiences, but the odd bottles of wine which you have always been told don't "travel." It is quite true, they don't "travel" if you allow the wine merchant in the High Street to import them for you. But if you will make a point of staying the night in the direction of the Loire on the return journey it is surprising what you can bring back under your arm in the way of little local treasures.

Pouilly-sur-Loire and such places just across the river as St. Thibault and St. Satur, none of them bigger than, say, Hurley, are all admirable centres in which to stay the night. Pouilly, apart from the famous *fumé* that bears its name, also produces a remarkable *rosé* which the landlord of the Hotel Neuf brought up from his cellar in the course of a discussion on whether wines travelled or kept. He didn't know whether it would travel

or not, but he could assure us that the wine he offered us would keep. How much longer it would keep he didn't say; but the bottle we drank and found excellent was a *rosé* already twenty-three years old.

FROM this corner of France the wine you want to bring back under your arm (and to drink there between meals as well) is the white wine of Sancerre which, the locals will tell you proudly, is "*bon pour l'amour*." Sancerre itself is part of the tightly packed little group of villages which includes St. Thibault and St. Satur, about ten miles farther on from Pouilly (turn left at the big crossroads going north on N.7). This is very good dawdling country, as you see; how far your general tempo is affected by this dawdling mood is entirely a personal problem.

In my own experience I find that the final stages of the return by road to England get slower and shorter, and I reckon to stay the night in at least two more places before crossing the Channel. For those whose reluctance to return home is on a par with mine there is to be recommended at Dreux a first-rate restaurant, the Normandy, which although it lies on the main road has a hotel side to it in the form of newly-built and well-appointed rooms overlooking the silent courtyard at the back (plumbing good). The Normandy has great character and variety, being restaurant, hotel, café, bar and tobacconist all in one, every aspect of it surveyed—apparently simultaneously—by a kind and majestic *Madame* from an observation post not unlike a pulpit in the bar.

From Dreux to Dieppe is a morning's comfortable run in time for luncheon in one of the best eating-towns of Normandy. Never

mind that you do not intend to take the boat from Dieppe to Newhaven; Dieppe is a must for staying the night at, and it is an easy drive next morning to Boulogne, Le Touquet or anywhere else you decide to sail or fly from.

IF to stay the night successfully means peace, quiet, comfort and a good dinner, there are times when other things get thrown in which give the experience a slight touch of eccentricity. So it was that during the period of German inflation in 1923 I stayed the night in Thuringia; a small, extremely comfortable hotel, good wine and food fulfilling the usual conditions attached to normal night-staying. The grotesque way in which the exchange fluctuated overnight at that time, however, enabled me to pay less for my night's board and lodging than I had had to pay for a glass of beer the day before. Even so, the cost of staying the night was roughly £245,529,727. Service included, of course.

But perhaps that was really rather staying the Arabian Night. It couldn't possibly happen in real life.

Not here, at any rate. . . .





Houston Rogers

AN ELDER OF THE THEATRE

SIR LEWIS CASSON, who celebrates his eighty-first birthday on Friday, is scoring one of his greatest successes as Sir Patrick Cullen, the gruff, good-natured old doctor, in Bernard Shaw's satirical comedy *The Doctor's Dilemma* at the Saville Theatre. Sir Lewis played a small part in the original production at the Court Theatre fifty years ago

Roundabout

● Cyril Ray

A DEAR old fox-hunting friend of mine, with whom I shared a pleasure in horseback exercise, and with whom I used to differ over what was the best way to take it, used to call me "an anteye-blood-sporter," lengthening the second syllable of "anti" so as to give the fullest possible weight to his abhorrence of such milksopery, and to his perpetual amazement that a nice chap like me should differ over a matter of principle from a nice chap like him.

All the same, anteye though I may be, I never reach the particular turn of the year that is now only a week or so away—warned by the nip in the air, the bone in the ground, and the golden mists of morning—without admitting, if only to myself, how much would have been lost to English art and letters without the chase.

None of those gay, galloping prints of red-coated, side-whiskered squires on

stiff-legged horses that enliven everything these days from table mats to wastepaper baskets; and none of those spirited scenes in Victorian fiction—above all, no Surtees, the prince of fox-hunting novelists, and best of all guides to the fun and the furniture and the fashions of that golden age that stretched between the first and the second Reform Bills. Over which galloped, from the Surrey Hunt to the cut 'em down countries, John Jorrocks, immortal grocer, stirrup by stirrup (when he stayed in the saddle) with "the hupper crusts" and doing at the same time "no end of business in tea."

Even if he had never been across a horse; never roared, "Come hup! I say, you hugely beast!" to Artaxerxes, stuck in the hedge; never been cursed by James Pigg for going out a-huntin' on a drinkin' day, I should still love John Jorrocks, that mountain of common sense, for sleeping where he dined, and

breakfasting where he slept, for refusing mince at dinner because, "I likes to chew my own meat," and for proclaiming, once and for all, that the "best dinner that ever was cooked" was turtle soup and turbot, a haunch of doe venison and Stilton. Can you think of a better?

No, if not to have had blood sports would have meant not to have known John Jorrocks, then perhaps I'm not an anteye-blood-sporter, after all.

★ ★ ★

THE new headquarters building of the T.U.C., in Bloomsbury, is a charmer—light, airy and unaggressively graceful, making the Edwardian Ivanhoe Hotel, on one side, look purposeless and fussy in style, and the neo-Georgian Y.W.C.A., on the other, timidly derivative.

Here, to my mind, is contemporary architecture at its best, accepting and, as

it were, absorbing modern materials and building methods, without the sometimes all too here-today-gone-tomorrow, up-to-the-minute prettiness of the Festival of Britain manner.

Only a modest six storeys in height, the new building is yet another reminder of an odd illogicality among national architectural styles. Britain is a much too tightly packed island and ought, you would think, to save its precious space by building upwards. Yet low buildings such as this are the norm, and high buildings—look at London University, only a stone's throw away—remain aliens that never seem to settle down in an English townscape.

In newer and vaster countries, on the other hand, the skyscraper originally designed for New York, to make the best possible use of cramped Manhattan Island, has become the outward and visible sign of progress and prosperity, so that steppe and veldt and prairie and pampas, where there is room for a billion bungalows, all sprout their topless towers. Moscow and Johannesburg and Winnipeg and Chicago and Rio de Janeiro leap from the otherwise empty earth, it sometimes seems, to greet and to awe the airborne traveller, while in Britain and Belgium and Denmark the bungalows and the semi-detached villas creep, crouching, over field and meadow.

★ ★ ★

WHICH reminds one, of course, of the fate of Oxford, and the hideous dilemma in which it now finds itself over the proposed road through Christ Church Meadows. Here, if any one classic example is needed, is what unbridled commercial and industrial "development" and speculative building have done to what was one of the loveliest cities in Europe, set in one of the loveliest landscapes.

So far, Cambridge has been spared the worst effects of industrial development, though industry there is growing, and growing fast—factory workers and functionaries outnumber by five or six to one the persons employed by the university and individual colleges. Now, though,

WEEKEND

I will arise and go now, on friends I will descend
And a small suitcase take there, of battered
leather made.
My bedsocks have I packed in it, their heating
is the end—
Or not begun, I am sore afraid.

But I shall have good food there for never in
their lives
Did my kind host and hostess heed the message
of the scale,
There cream comes from the Jerseys and honey
from the hives
And all are deaf to the tailor's wail!

I will arise and go now, for what's an extra
pound?
I'll walk it off (in rain, I bet!) on miles and
miles of moor . . .
I'll leave off all my make-up and my nerves
will come unwound
And toss my head if my feet are sore.

—Lorna Wood

. . .

the planning authority proposes to call a halt, and to save those of Cambridge's charms that still distinguish it as an ancient university town.

Heffers, the Cambridge booksellers, are selling (at a mere half-crown) a guide to the plan written by Derek Senior, who was not himself at Cambridge but, like so many other ornaments of the *Manchester Guardian*, is a Balliol man. It is not because he is an old friend and colleague but in spite of it—I normally eschew at any rate the more reverberant forms of log-rolling—that I acclaim his pamphlet as the most readable and sensible account I've come across of what town and country planning is, and why it's necessary; how it could have saved Oxford and how it may still save Cambridge.

★ ★ ★

ANY schoolboy illusion about the South American jungle that I might still have cherished—humming birds as small and as bright as jewels; lovely, coffee-coloured Indian maidens, each clad only in a loin-cloth; and exotic blossoms hanging from those same maidens' ears and from umbrageous trees—have all been dispelled, and for ever, by a fascinatingly savage book about that savage land: V. G. G. Norwood's *Man Alone!* an

account of a hunt for diamonds in Brazil and British Guiana.

Torrential rain and stinking mud; evil-looking fungi instead of hibiscus blossom; vicious mosquitoes, and nuts the milk of which burns the skin like vitriol—this is the reality. To say nothing of shaggy, pot-bellied, foul-smelling natives, some of them with the filed teeth that usually indicate a diet of human flesh.

What beats me is that Mr. Norwood proposes to go back there again.

★ ★ ★

I HAD always thought that Lord George Sanger, and his nephew, Lord John, the celebrated showmen, had had their "titles" bestowed upon them at baptism, as many an American baby to this day is christened "Earl," and as Baron Nahum, the photographer, received what eventually became his professional name, under which he was both acclaimed and mourned. But I have just learned from *The Sanger Story*, a remarkable new chronicle of circus life, that the "lordships" were self-bestowed.

The story of Lord George and his circus was related to the compiler by the showman's nephew, who records that it all happened in 1887, as the direct result of a case brought against Sanger by "Buffalo Bill" Cody, who had brought his wild west show to England for Queen Victoria's Jubilee celebrations, and who went to court to restrain the Englishman from using the words, "The Wild West," in his advertising.

All through the proceedings Buffalo Bill was formally—and quite properly—referred to as "the Honourable William Cody," a style to which he was entitled, by American usage, as a member of the legislature of the state of Nebraska.

Sanger was furious when he lost the case in court, and exploded that if that Yankee such-and-such could be an honourable, then he would be a lord! And so it was—even to immediate alterations in the posters and on the show wagons. It's curious, though, that Sanger didn't resent, too, that Cody was a colonel and promote himself to field-marshal whilst he was about it.

BRIGGS by Graham





Major and Mrs. J. Meade, Major
E. F. Desbois and Mrs. P. Villiers

A PEAL OF ORDNANCE

THE Colonels Commandant of the R.A.O.C. held a cocktail party at the Goldsmiths Hall. Above, Lt.-Gen. Sir Colin Callander, Maj.-Gen. Sir Leslie and Lady Williams, and Brig. T. Clarke, M.P.



Captain C. Mazillius, Mrs.
N. T. David, Captain C.
Durrant and Mrs. C. G. S. Bennett



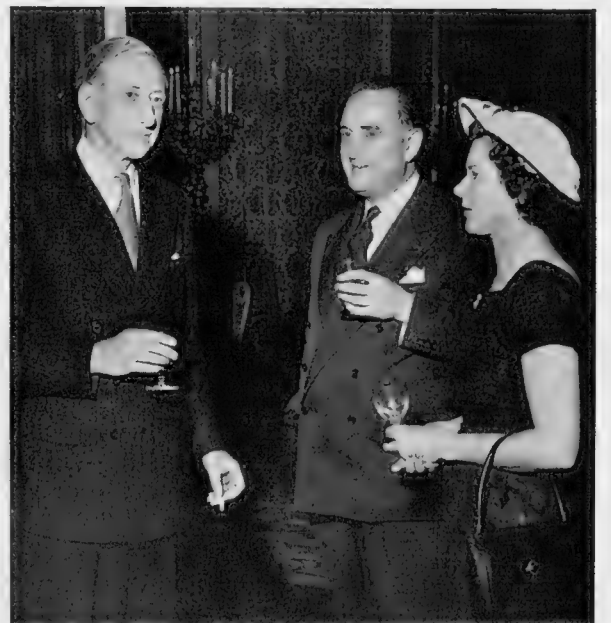
Major J. J. Smith, organizer of
the party, with Mrs. Smith, Mrs.
N. Knight and Mr. H. W. Dyason



Mr. M. Harris, Mrs. D. Scaife, Mr.
D. Drury and Miss P. Bennett

Mrs. Eccles, Miss J. Gosney, Miss
A. Allain and Major W. R. Eccles

Major and Mrs. N. Barclay,
Mrs. Breaks and Major M. Breaks



Maj.-Gen. Cutforth, Mr. John Sharp
and Mrs. Sharp



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*Miss G. M. Reghers, Musketeer A. W. Reghers,
Mrs. E. A. Nicoll and Mrs. P. Winstone*

MUSTER OF PIKEMEN

"YE COMPANY OF PIKEMEN and Musketeers of Ye Honourable Artillery Companie" held their dinner at Armoury House. Above: Major and Mrs. P. Pettit, Mrs. Hands and Ensign A. J. Hands



Desmond O'Neill

Captain J. G. Steele, who commands the Company, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of London, Mr. Terence Murphy, and Pikeman R. G. Bevan



*Drum Beater L. H. Leham was explaining
a point to Mrs. Mary Page*

*File Leader G. S. Ward, Miss M. G. Ward,
Mrs. Cole and Mr. F. A. Cole*





MISS MOURA LYMPANY, the internationally known Cornish-born pianist, is married to an American television executive and makes her home in New York. She pays frequent visits to Europe, however, and was a soloist in the Promenade Concerts this year. This was followed by a successful concert tour of Moscow, Leningrad and Budapest, where she was the first British artist to appear since the war. She has returned to the U.S.A. Her recreations, when she has time for them, in a very busy life, are reading and cooking



Priscilla in Paris

CHEVALIER'S RETURN

MORE whimsical than truly crazy . . . there might be something in the idea! Madame Louise de Vilmorin's contribution to the solution of the traffic question occurred to me as I watched the staccato, slowed up but inexorable, to-ing and fro-ing of the cars that are crowding Paris during this forty-third Salon de l'Automobile. The authoress of *Madame de . . .*, and so many other entertaining novels and films, suggests widening the pavements for the greater comfort of pedestrians; she feels that the resulting discomfiture of owner-drivers will keep private cars off the streets and oblige people to make greater use of the public conveyances. She also believes that this will make for greater understanding between the classes. Methinks the charming lady is an optimist. I never feel anything but extreme loathing for my anonymous fellow straphangers when I travel by Metro, be they dishwashers or dukes.

The Vilmorin ladies are noted for their brilliantly unconventional ideas. Louise de Vilmorin's sister, the comtesse Marie-Pierre de Toulouse-Lautrec—"Mapie" to her friends—has just published a cookery book de luxe that is having a *succès fou*. She enjoys cooking and is an excellent *cordons bleu* being able to practise all the book preaches, having tried out her most sensational recipes on her four children . . . who have all survived. Her husband, grandnephew of the famous artist whose life was partly retraced in a film about the *Moulin Rouge*, is a great traveller, and though he may not actually bring home the bacon he certainly knows many new ways of cooking it. "Mapie" has some amusing little foibles. She trots about her model kitchen in stocking feet, is never seen without a hat on her head but, on the other hand, has not the slightest use for an apron!

IT was at the first night of Maurice Chevalier's return to the Paris stage, at the Alhambra, that Louise de Vilmorin launched her idea anent the traffic question. Evidently she had not found it easy to park within walking distance of the immense music-hall of the rue de Malte. What an evening it was. The place was packed. The whole universe was there. Social world, theatre world, film world, business world and the world that is a mixture of all the other worlds put together: the political world.

It is some time since Maurice Chevalier has sung to a Parisian audience and he was dithering with fright. He had prepared two special little speeches. We know his fondness for little



talkie-talkies before launching his songs, but these were different. There was the one we heard and that expressed his pleasure at appearing on his native heath (the rue de Malte is near the working class quarter where he was born) and seeing so many friends in the audience; there was also the one that said: "I made my début here when I was very young, now that I am sixty-eight I have returned to make my adieux . . ."; but that one remained unsaid.

The welcome he received, as the spectators rose to their feet to cheer their "Momo," showed clearly that Paris refuses to contemplate his retirement. When the curtain fell, long past midnight, one felt that Maurice was sincere when he declared: "This is the most wonderful evening of my whole life!" although, as we are well aware, he has known many.

NUTS! No, I am not using the word in its purely exclamatory sense, but rather as an animal lover delighted to hear that the squirrels of the Bois de Boulogne are being so carefully preserved. Hazel and walnut trees have been planted for their delight and, pending the growth and fruition (*are* nuts considered as fruit?) of the plantations, special supplies of acorns are distributed by the woodkeepers every day. Happy squirrels. I find this most touching on the part of the City Fathers but I cannot help wondering how they propose to cope with the young maulauders who, in springtime, are sure to raid the Bois to the happy tune of "Here we go gathering nuts in May"! Poor squirrels!

Mot presque juste

• One has more satisfaction in thinking of what one might have said than in remembering what one really said!

TWO GREAT PAINTERS, the devouring fury of whose genius brought them both to early deaths, are re-created on the screen in "Lust For Life." They are (above) Vincent Van Gogh (Kirk Douglas), the film's main character, and (below) Paul Gauguin (Anthony Quinn)





At the Theatre

A WATERFRONT MARTYRDOM

"A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE" (Comedy Theatre). Eddie is the crazy mixed-up longshoreman who believes that the young blond captivating lover (Brian Bedford, below) of his niece (Mary Ure) is basically maladjusted. It needs his wife (Megs Jenkins, right) to tell him that he is practically a suitor himself. The lawyer (Michael Gwynn) sees it all coming with whimsical helplessness. Above, Eddie (Anthony Quayle) fights to the death over a matter of Italian honour with the lover's brother (Ian Bannen). Drawings by Emmwood



MR. ARTHUR MILLER'S *A View From The Bridge* is not in any adult sense shocking. But in this country for rule-of-thumb reasons it has been refused the public stage, and we must join the new Watergate Theatre Club in order to see it played "privately" at the Comedy Theatre. The formalities duly observed (however solemn in their absurdity they are quite inexpensive), we find a strong and strongly felt drama of the tough American school which Eugene O'Neill founded with *The Hairy Ape* and *Desire Under The Elms*.

These prototype plays have not worn particularly well, but their first impact was tremendous. So at first impact is Mr. Miller's vivid and sincere account of a Brooklyn longshoreman afflicted by a father-daughter fixation and finally robbed of all his self-respect by the working of an obsession the nature of which he is not mentally equipped to understand.

Eddie is presented as a fundamentally decent and stupid man. He has no clearer notion of what his relations with his orphaned niece have become through the years than another man might have of hasty, unpredictable reactions springing from a disease not yet diagnosed. He cannot describe even to himself what is eating him up, and when a seedy waterfront lawyer puts his finger on the cause he is incapable of taking in the diagnosis. What has surprised him is that the child of his fixation should have grown up. He has sought instinctively to retard her growth. She has been too young to leave school, too young to go to work; after all she is only a child. His troubled and devoted wife sees what is wrong. She can get neither her husband nor the carelessly innocent niece to realize the facts, still less to act on them.

It needs only the arrival of a man likely to become the ripening maid's lover to precipitate tragedy. The man is an Italian cousin who together with his older brother has entered the country illegally. Eddie shelters them with ungrudging hospitality, but quickly he notices the interest of the boy in his niece, and at once his unconscious possessiveness begins to smoulder dangerously. Before it flames into jealous madness the fixation seeks two forms of rationalization. Rudolpho, Eddie tells himself, cannot be in love with Catherine. All he wants is to become an American citizen through marriage. But why shouldn't he want security and also be in love with the girl. Because he isn't a proper man. His physical build is light, he has blond hair, he can sing, he can make dresses, he can make men laugh. Eddie is a proper man; he is everything that his rival isn't; how then can his rival be a proper man? And the more he fumbles for reasons the more overmastering becomes the impulse to degrade the man Catherine loves. With two drunken kisses he reveals his own passion for the girl and insults her lover. The overwrought gesture only hastens the wedding. There is nothing left for him but to scandalize the waterfront by betraying his refugee guests to the police and at last to die from the knife avenging Italian family honour and treachery.

MISGUIDEDLY, as I think, Mr. Miller employs a narrator in the person of the lawyer to ram home the compassionate moral that Eddie is to be pitied as a human being who takes the full rap from the blind cruelty of which nature is capable. The realistic drama itself is perfectly explicit and is only weakened by pretentious commentary borrowed from classical tragedy. Eddie as he is, with his self-respect drained inexorably away from him by forces beyond his comprehension, is moving enough, and the process is revealed by scenes which are often brilliant in their expressiveness. Mr. Anthony Quayle at first gives the impression that he is refining overmuch the natural coarseness of Eddie's fibre, but his performance gains steadily in power as it goes on.

There is genuine pathos in the man's lurchings and gropings towards the nature of the furies that torment him, and Mr. Quayle well conveys the final agony of the Ishmael striking out less in anger than in the dour determination to find some way of restoring the good name that has been mysteriously filched from him. Miss Megs Jenkins gives Mr. Quayle all possible support as the distressed and loyal wife; Miss Mary Ure handles the bewildered girl sensitively; Mr. Ian Bannen and Mr. Brian Bedford are good as the luckless immigrants; and Mr. Peter Brook directs the play and designs for it settings that are suitably sordid, claustrophobic and doom-laden.

—Anthony Cookman



David Sim

A NEW STAR FROM WALES SPARKLES IN LONDON

SHIRLEY BASSEY, who made her debut as a cabaret artist at the Cafe de Paris last week, hails from Tiger Bay, a notable nautical quarter of the maritime city of Cardiff. Her first impact on the West End was made in the Al Read Show at the Adelphi, in which she is still appearing. Miss Bassey shows all the promise and artistry of the young Josephine Baker, which older theatregoers will remember as being one of the sensations of Paris thirty years ago in the *Revue Negre*. Like her forerunner, she has youth on her side and at nineteen is the youngest artist to appear in the luxury arena. For the occasion she is wearing gowns and jewels which literally merit the word fabulous, but Miss Bassey's main asset is the electric force of her personality

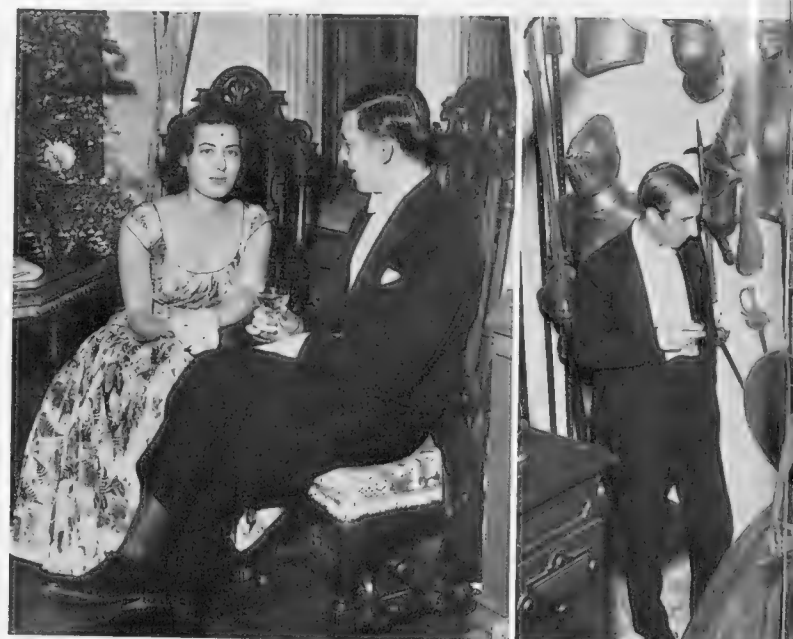


Mr. Peter R. K. Fender, who is a nephew of the joint hostess, with Miss Celia Northey

A BALL AMID THE ARMOUR

MRS. SCOBIE GILMER, of Rodenbury, Hertford, and Mrs. Robert Fender, of Withington House, Gloucestershire, gave a dance at richly trophied Knebworth House, Herts, for their daughters (right), Miss Belinda Gilmer and Miss Fiona Fender

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Fender and Dr. and Mrs. H. S. H. Gilmer, parents of the two debutantes



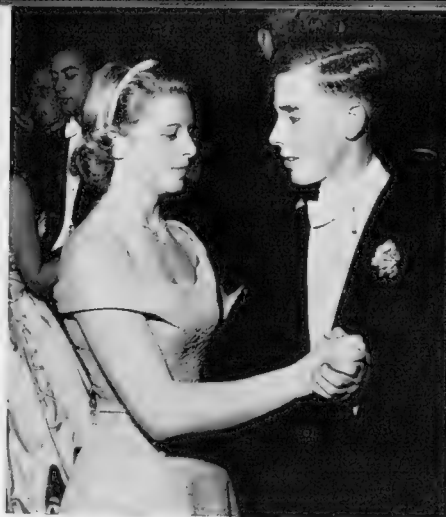
Miss Denia Wigram and Mr. Court Granville

*Mr. David Buchan and
Pascoc*

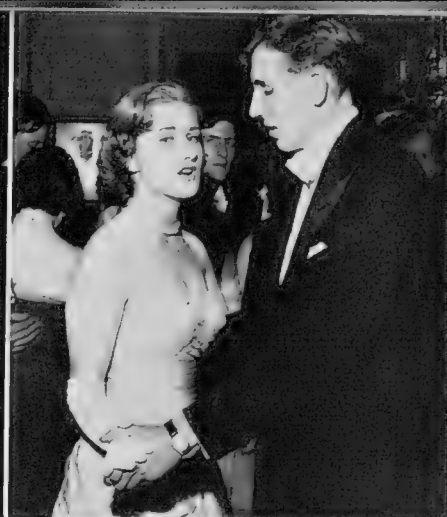


Van Hallan

*The
TATLER
and
Bystander,
OCTOBER 24,
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223*



*Miss Valerie Barbor and Mr.
James Percival*



*Lady Angela Cecil and Mr.
Andrew Paterson*



*Mr. Simon Ashton and Miss Sonia Avory were sitting
out in the library*

*Miss Elisabeth Thierry-Mieg and Mr. Simon Ashton
enjoyed a glass of champagne on the staircase*



Miss Belinda

*Miss Susie Eykyn and Mr. Charles
Crosland*





DAVY CROCKETT (Fess Parker) rides again in Walt Disney's *Davy Crockett And The River Pirates*, an action-packed story of legendary exploits by the now world-famed frontiersman

At the Pictures

CAPRA GETS THE RAINBOW TREATMENT

IF ever a film cried out not to be remade in CinemaScope and Technicolor with interpolated songs and dance numbers, it was Mr. Frank Capra's bubbling, black and white movie, *It Happened One Night*—in which Miss Claudette Colbert and Mr. Clark Gable brought down the walls of Jericho and won Academy awards twenty-two years ago. Mr. Dick Powell has nonetheless remade it with all the trimmings suggested, Miss June Allyson as the runaway heiress bent upon rejoining the professional fortune-hunter (Mr. Jacques Scott) from whom her fuming millionaire father (Mr. Charles Bickford) snatched her on her wedding day, and Mr. Jack Lemmon as the newspaper reporter who aids, abets and falls in love with her.

Miss Allyson is cute and girlish where Miss Colbert was a sparkling young woman—Mr. Lemmon is bright and boyish where Mr. Gable was a devil of a fellow. Only Mr. Bickford, inquiring of Mr. Scott in a jovial snarl "And what are you charging for annulments this year?" recaptures the original sophistication. The dry champagne of 1934 (a vintage year in the cinema) has become the kiddies' fruit cup of 1956: it's not in the least unpalatable, you understand—but it's not in the least intoxicating, either.

JUST what *Cell 2455, Death Row* is trying to prove, I do not know. It is said to be based on "the sensational best-selling autobiography of Caryl Chessman," who has lain under sentence of death in San Quentin prison for the past six years. By studying law in the privacy of his cell, this man (played with adequate

beastliness by Mr. William Campbell) has been able, time after time, to secure a stay of execution—often at the eleventh hour and fifty-nine minutes.

Are we to feel sorry for him? Are we to assume that the death penalty has been wrongfully imposed? Are we supposed to protest that, as he has apparently rehabilitated himself, this habitual criminal should be released?

We are shown that he lived by robbery with violence. We are told that he committed sexual crimes of appalling brutality—though he appears to deny this. The reason why he has been condemned to die and the precise means by which he has dodged doing so are never explained. The film seems to me to do nothing more or less than glorify a particularly loathsome life of crime. It is unsavoury and dangerous and richly deserves the "X" Certificate given it by the censor—who might, to the advantage of everybody except Messrs. Columbia Pictures, have gone so far as to ban it altogether.

THE U.S. military authorities, I understand, refused to cooperate in the making of *Attack!*—and I really don't wonder. Brilliantly produced and directed by Mr. Robert Aldrich (who gave Hollywood a smart prod in the slats with *The Big Knife*) it slams into the American army like one o'clock.

The scene is the European theatre of war in 1944. Mr. Eddie Albert, a psychopathic coward, holds a captaincy by virtue of the fact that his colonel, Mr. Lee Marvin (odiously oily), comes from his own home town and has political ambitions: Mr.



VOICE FROM THE PAST speaks through the body of a young American housewife in *The Search for Bridey Murphy*, filmed from the sensational book by Morey Bernstein. Above: Bernstein (Louis Hayward), Ruth Simmons (Teresa Wright), Dr. Deering (Richard Anderson). Below: Joan Collins in *Seawife*, an unusual drama played out on a drifting raft

Albert's father is an influential man and, Mr. Marvin reckons, will help him in his postwar career if he "looks after" Mr. Albert.

Despite bitter complaints from two lieutenants (Mr. Jack Palance and Mr. William Smithers—an impressive newcomer), the colonel refuses to relieve the captain of his command—though he knows many lives have been lost through Mr. Albert's cowardice.

Mr. Palance is dispatched with a platoon to take some strategic point: he vows that if the captain withholds the support he has promised he will come back and kill him. Hysterical with fear at the crucial moment, Mr. Albert does withhold his support. Mr. Palance dies before he can carry out his threat: Mr. Smithers does the job for him—and the remaining members of the platoon empty their rifles into the captain's body.

The final twist to this savage story presents Mr. Smithers as a man of honour—but the film still leaves one with an extremely unpleasant taste in the mouth.

MR. SPENCER TRACY gives a perfectly beautiful performance in *The Mountain*—an Alpine drama produced and directed by Mr. Edward Dmytryk without the slightest consideration for the nerves of the audience. Mr. Robert Wagner, rather wooden as Mr. Tracy's much younger brother, is determined to climb an almost unscalable mountain to loot the wreckage of a plane that has crashed at the top. Hating the project, Mr. Tracy goes with him because unless accompanied by an experienced climber Mr. Wagner would certainly be killed.

The climb—Mr. Tracy edging his way along narrow ledges above a sheer drop of what seems to be miles, clinging with torn hands to the rock-face, clambering upwards from perilous toe-hold to toe-hold, panting for breath—was pure torture for me (and can't have been much fun for the fifty-six year old actor). But my goodness—how magnificently well done!

—Elspeth Grant



MR. MONSARRAT ON FULL TIME

NICHOLAS MONSARRAT has recently had published "The Tribe That Lost Its Head." Mr. Monsarrat, author of several other novels including the outstandingly successful "The Cruel Sea," was until April of this year Director of the United Kingdom Information Office in Canada. He has, however, resigned to take up full time professional authorship. After visiting New York to launch his novel there, he will travel in search of matter for a new book



Clayton Evans

THE MOUSE WHO SUCCEEDED A MOUNTAIN

Book Reviews

by Elizabeth Bowen



Geoffrey Willans has prepared a fresh saga from Nigel Molesworth's fearless reminiscences. In "Whizz for Atomms" (Parrish, 9s. 6d.) Nigel is a youthful Walter Mitty, and the illustration shows Ronald Searle's drawing of him as a young Elizabethan

C. P. GOOCH's **Louis XV** features a monarch who, up to now, has left little mark upon British memory. At a glance, Louis XV's portrait (by Drouais) on the book-jacket is engaging—here seems to be someone royal, merry, challenging and sturdy. In fact, as his biographer reveals, His Majesty was royal but little more: in the main, Louis was ineffectual. His time was that of a major crisis in France: faced by that he did not so much do the wrong thing as fail to do anything whatever. Dr. Gooch's work is secondarily a study of "The Monarchy in Decline." That the decline *could* have been halted is one of the ironies of the story.

As a very small boy, Louis XV succeeded the great-grandfather who had lived too long. The sunset of Louis XIV, "*le Roi Soleil*," had by years preceded the old man's actual death, and with realistic melancholy he knew it. That Louis XIV ever did really say, "*Après moi le déluge*," now seems improbable: on the contrary, his thoughts were for ever on the future of France. True, his extravagances and lengthy wars had left the country's financial affairs in chaos. But monarchy was, in principle, not yet threatened. What was wanted was not *no* king, but a new one; and in 1715 that wish was granted. The five-year-old, however, could not yet reign: the rôle of Regent was ably filled by Philip, Duke of Orleans—dissolute but clear-sighted, wise and loyal.

ONLY a fatality brought Louis XV to the throne at all. He had been no more than the delicate second son of a handsome, happy and healthy father and mother. The young Duc de Bourgogne had been the white hope of France; great things were expected of his accession. Then, in the same ten days, a mysterious malady swept away husband, wife and their elder son. The little Louis, thus left heir to the throne, lost particularly much in losing his mother—the "Rose of Savoy," sweet-natured as she was lovely, remained a legend. Brought to Versailles as a child-bride, at the age of eleven, she had cheered and delighted *le Roi Soleil*.

Louis XV intensely needed affection. A lady at Court complained of the boy king that he seemed to love nobody but his governess—we suppose he attached himself to this mother-substitute. Of the women who played successive parts in his life, those who lasted longest were

those who gave him companionship. To be understood, amused teased a little, counselled, steadied, refreshed, was what he sought for. As we know, he found this ideal outside marriage. Dr. Gooch shares Miss Nancy Mitford's admiration for Madame de Pompadour. To the naïve and glowing Du Barry, time put a less stern test: this lady survived her king. The consort chosen for him, gentle Polish Marie Leczinka, had much in her favour: she was esteemed and liked by many, of whom her husband was one. He was faithful to her for some time, and they had ten children. But alas, ultimately she bored him.

LOUIS XIV, in 1700, had written this sound advice to one of his grandsons, who was on the point of assuming the crown of Spain:

Love your wife, and ask God for one to suit you—not an Austrian. Beware of flatterers. Esteem those who risk your displeasure, for they are your real friends. Only wage war if you are compelled, and then take command yourself. Never have a favourite or a mistress. Be the master. Consult your Council but decide for yourself. God, who has made you King, will provide all the wisdom you require if your intentions are good.

For an absolute monarch, counsel of perfection! *Le Roi Soleil's* great-grandson, as Dr. Gooch shows, had his own, a not unworthy concept of monarchy. And, in demeanour at least, he could live up to it. As to looks, bearing and dignity, there was nothing wanting. For a time, he was *Louis le Bien-aimé*; and he died before his people's reaction against him had reached a head. For the state of affairs which was to bring his grandson, the luckless Louis XVI, to the guillotine, he cannot (it seems) be held directly responsible. His fault as a king sounds simple, but was all-embracing. He was a dilettante.

The king's character, its political effect, and the political network which surrounded him, have been studied and set forth by Dr. Gooch with the thoroughness one expects from this fine historian. Do not miss the enlightening chapter, "Secret Diplomacy." Much material comes from the letters, journals and memoirs of the day; one source being the incomparable St. Simon. Portraits of ministers and generals, courtiers and prelates command attention. So does the view of Versailles, with its intrigues and rivalries. The frivolities of the epoch—that age of Boucher, with its powdered nymphs and its garlands, gardens and *bibelots*—are perhaps under-drawn. To fill in the picture, let us re-read Miss Mitford's *Madame de Pompadour*.

★ ★ ★

STELLA GIBBONS's new novel, *Here Be Dragons* (Hodder & Stoughton, 16s.), is set in Hampstead—and few write better of Hampstead than does this author. On this occasion, I think Miss Gibbons has excelled herself, with her story of an ex-clergyman and his family transplanted from a distant rural rectory. Poor Mr. Sely's losing of his faith has entailed also a loss of livelihood: he and Anna, his pleasing erratic wife, find themselves dependent upon the generosity of his sister—"Aunt Peggy" (Lady Fairfax), a television star—and the earning capacities of their daughter Nell. Nell, rising twenty, buys her first pair of nylons and takes her place at an office typewriter.

Fug by day is varied by bohemia at night. Nell is to find herself swept by her cousin John Gaunt (Aunt Peggy's recalcitrant teenage son) into Hampstead's juvenile art underworld. John's group's characteristics, pleasing and otherwise, are brilliantly photographed by Miss Gibbons—wherever has she met them? One has to wonder. Savage adolescents, of middle-class background, they ring true. Nell's escape from the office into life as a waitress transfers the reader to The Primula Teashop: scenes here, it should be said, are no less convincing than those in the scabrous canalside cottage. . . . *Here Be Dragons* has not only charm but something far better, perspicacity. In the main comedy, it has threads of grimness. Here and there it flows just too easily, and needs tautening.

★ ★ ★

PATRICK QUENTIN's *The Man In The Net* (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.), is a drastic domestic mystery story verging on nightmare. A day's events convert a harmless artist into a hunted man, whose only allies are the local children. The disappearance of Linda, frenzied wife, is a relief—till one sees what it means for John. Those pretty, forest-fringed villages in remote New England have a sinister side to them—as witness the near-lynching in the parish hall. . . . *The Man In The Net* is, I think, the best "Quentin" I've so far read. Brace your nerves, set your teeth and don't miss this masterpiece.

The technicalities of commerce do not easily lend themselves to the entertainment of a wide audience, nor is the attempt often made to bend them to this end. But an exception must be made for *Sales On A Shoestring* by Sydney Hyde (Andre Deutsch, 18s.) in which the author, who is Publicity Manager of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son, presents the lessons of his wide experience in a manner at once wise, amusing, and for those disposed to accept instruction, immensely rewarding. Books, as every author knows, sell themselves only to a very limited extent. For the rest they require a most skilful introduction to the public consciousness, and it is clear that Mr. Hyde's success in this task is due not only to keen business acumen, but to a highly tuned palate operating among enormously diverse vintages of literature. It is thus not surprising that he has himself produced a book which can stand, in its own sphere, easily among the best of those whose interests it is his occupation to promote.



"THE NOBLE LIFE" tapestry, 1500-1510 (above) is an illustration from the entrancing "Tudor, 1500-1602" (The Connoisseur, 42s.) edited by Ralph Edwards and L. G. G. Ramsey. Below, a painting of Lord Grey de Wilton



A WOODEN SPECIMEN (above) from "The Art Of The Netsuke Carvers" by Frederick Meinertzhagen (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 45s.) and (right) a miniature coral figure





*The
TATLER
and
Bystander,
OCTOBER 24,
1956
228*



Fashions by
Isobel Vicomtesse d'Orthez

PROOF AGAINST



Michel Molinare

THE autumn and winter fashion scene is one of chunky tweed suits and big enveloping greatcoats, all of which give the visual illusion of weight. Above left: A tweed suit in a black tan and white mixture. The slim skirt has a box pleat at the back for easy walking. By Windsmoor at approximately 16 gns. from Harvey Nichols. Centre: A softly tailored classic from Hebe Sports in light green Donegal tweed with a white fleck. A lighter weave of the chunky look, tailored and streamlined, 12 gns. at Dickins and Jones, and Jenners of Edinburgh. Left: Bold check coat in black and pale oatmeal tweed, ideal for this time of the year in town or country, 22½ gns. Stocked by Jaeger shops in Regent Street, Glasgow and Manchester

THE RIVER BREEZE

“SWEET THAMES, RUN SOFTLY, TILL I



END MY SONG''

ANOTHER popular choice for the autumn and winter of 1956-57 is the feminine and extremely flattering blonde beaver coat which has made an outstanding impact on the fashion front this season. Softest of soft furs, its many attractions include that of being in extreme contrast to the dark English winters

This luxurious jacket in blonde beaver (opposite page) cropped to hip length comes from S. London, at 265 gns. Wonderful over cocktail or evening gowns on frosty nights. The hat is by Dorothy Carlton and the gloves by Pinkham

A threequarter length jacket in a light-weight honey blonde beaver lamb (right) from the National Fur Company. It has a particularly gay Paisley lining. The price is £59. Hat by Dolores





Michel Molmare

Smartly prepared to meet the chill



THE over-check suit in soft grey and off-white tweed by Matita (opposite page) is in the classic tradition. The perfectly fitted jacket has a rever collar and sloping hip pockets. Price approximately 29 guineas at Woollands. Hat by Dolores. Brenner's raspberry coloured tweed suit (above) is bright enough to cheer the bleakest day. The jacket has a lightly fitted waist and velvet half-collar and the skirt is straight. Price 13½ guineas. Hat by Dorothy Carlton £7 19s. 6d. Both at Marshall & Snelgrove. Right: Spectator Sports' full-backed black mohair coat has a straight band collar and fastens high at the neck and low on the hemline, ideal for windy days. Price approximately 24 guineas at Harvey Nichols, and McDonalds, Glasgow. Black and white jersey helmet from Dorothy Carlton



in the air

CUT AND CLOTH

THE cocoon shape coat (left) in rich plum-coloured wool and mohair sweeps to one side and fastens down to the hem; tucked into the neck is a black musquash cravat. Price 27½ gns. Black swathed jersey turban, £2 5s. The adaptable two-piece shown here consists of a belted sheath dress and collarless jacket in softly tailored Bedford cord. Price 18½ gns. All from the Jaeger branches in Regent Street, Glasgow, Manchester and Birmingham



John French

CHOICE FOR THE WEEK





The entertaining art



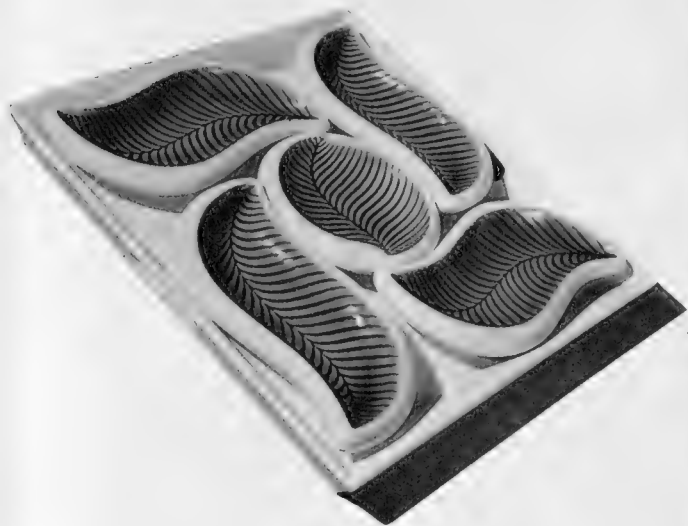
This "coaster" set is wooden, with a cellulose finish. It consists of a tray with six small mats bearing a floral design, for use at cocktail parties. Price £2 7s. 6d., obtainable from Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford St.

HERE are some very decorative and useful articles for the home, and particularly for the dinner table. They include examples which will bring enchantment to the art of entertaining friends. The designs are contemporary, and the most up-to-date to be found in leading stores—JEAN CLELAND

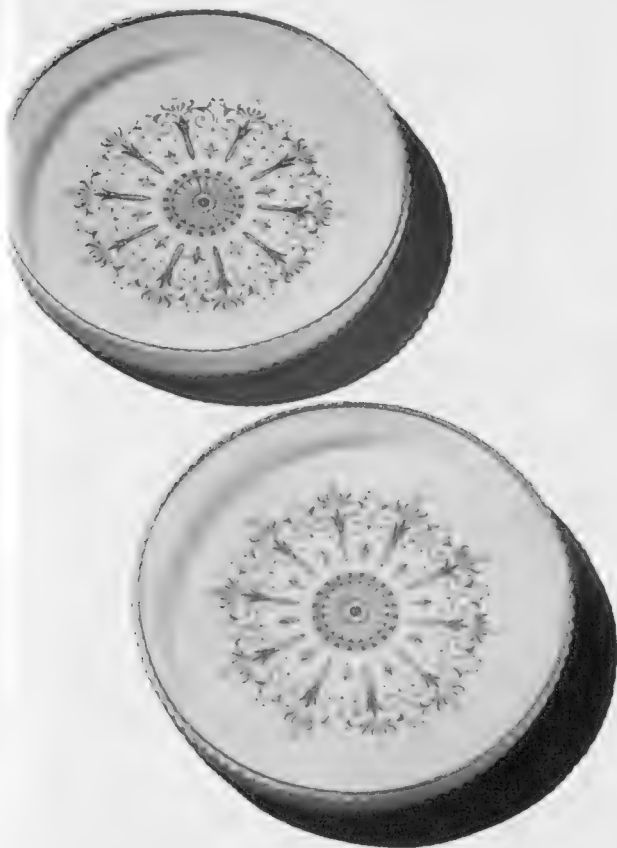
A delightful dinner service (below) in twelve pieces: the "Ariadne" fish set by Rosenthal, which will create a most favourable effect at any dinner party. Its price is £17 1s. 6d. from Fortnum and Mason



This unusual French hors d'oeuvre set has five dishes on a square-handled lacquer tray. Price £7 7s. from Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly



RIGHT. Top, a Rosenthal lobster set of twenty-nine pieces, £23 2s. from Fortnum and Mason. Centre. Wedgwood's new pattern coffee set called "Havana," in a very unusual and subtle shade of smoky brown combined with white. Two-pint coffee pot £2 4s., one and a half pint £1 17s., cup and saucer 5s. 6d., cream jug 16s., sugar bowl 3s. 9d. Obtainable from Wedgwood Rooms at Robinson and Cleaver. Bottom, three very attractive "Limoges" carriage trays. Large, 8s. 6d., medium, 7s., and small 6s. each. All can be had from Fortnum and Mason



These Royal Worcester "coasters" can be used as stands for glasses, for which they have been designed, or for ashtrays. £2 2s. a box of four, from Harvey Nichols

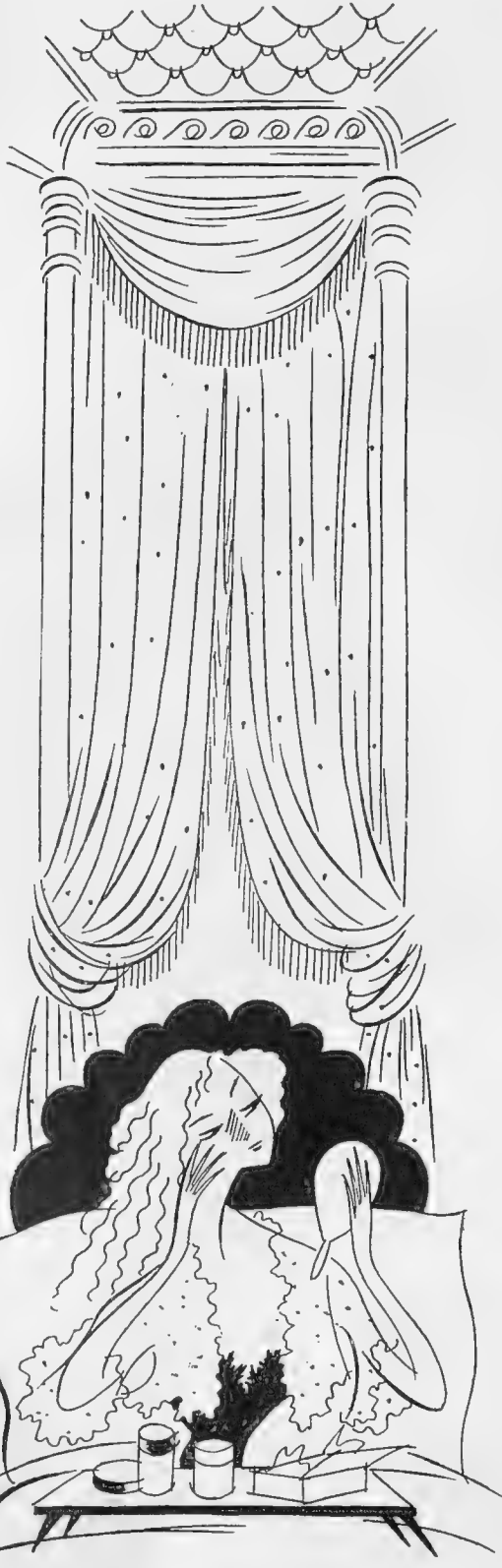
Photographs by Dennis Smith



Beauty

Soap or cream for skin care?

Jean Cleland



MANY years ago, at a supper party following a concert in Vienna, I learned a truth about beauty which I have always remembered.

Gathered together at the table that night, were a collection of international musicians. The guest with a difference was a famous skin specialist, working at that time in a Viennese clinic. Suddenly, amidst all the talk of music, there was a pause in the conversation. A woman pianist turned to the specialist and said, "Tell me, what is the secret of a beautiful complexion?" The answer came promptly, "Cleanliness, madame, complete and utter cleanliness."

Since that night I have, in the course of my work as a beauty writer, talked with skin specialists in different countries, and various experts who spend their lives dealing with the health and beauty of the complexion. All are agreed upon the extreme importance of cleanliness, especially in the case of young girls who do not, they feel, take it nearly seriously enough.

If the skin is to bloom as it should, and be radiant, it must be clean, not only on the surface, but deep down underneath. If dust or powder and infinitesimal specks of dirt and make-up are allowed to clog the pores, they cannot breathe, and that is how the trouble begins. Blemishes such as spots and blackheads can more often than not be put down to this root of all evil; so too can that dull, dingy look which robs the skin of its radiance.

A GREAT deal has been written about cleansing the skin, yet there is still a considerable difference of opinion as to the best way of doing it. Soap and water or lotion for an oily skin, and cleansing cream for a dry one, is a safe general rule. There are, however, many dry skin types who still hanker after a "good wash." Fair enough; but if they do this, they should follow the work with a second cleansing with cream to counteract the drying effects of soap and water.

This dual type of cleansing now seems to be taken care of by a new preparation called "Velvet Foam." With this the whole process of washing and creaming can be done in one. Made by Charles of the Ritz, "Velvet Foam" gives all the effect of a good "wash," but because it is completely non-alkaline it is also non-drying. The preparation comes in a tube and is easy to use. All you have to do is to wet your hands with water, squeeze

out a little foam, and work it up into a rich creamy lather between your palms. Rub it all over the face, massage it well into the skin, and finally rinse well with clean water.

So much for deep cleansing of the skin. Now for something to give it a smooth finish. Another new preparation which in my opinion is particularly good for evening wear, is called "Creme de Paris" and comes from the Crescent Preparations Company.

This is beautifully soft, and complete in itself without the use of powder. The makers tell me that there is nothing in it that can clog the pores, which is important, since it means that it should not dry the skin. A preparation of this kind is excellent when you want to give that extra finishing touch for special occasions.

I have been interested in reading some figures which say that "the sales of liquid rouge represent sixty-two per cent of the total rouge market of the U.S.A." This seems to indicate a popular success for the Tangee Liquid Rouge which is making its appearance in this country this month. Because it is easy to apply, and blends softly and evenly into the skin, it gives a very natural un-made-up look. It is being made available in five shades, calculated to complement various types of complexion—Natural, Pink Queen, Old Rose, Red Red, or Theatrical Red. Young girls who need just a little extra colour will, I think, find it ideal for their purpose, since, applied lightly, it gives no more than a soft flush which is very becoming. The standard size bottle is neat and compact, has a screw top, and costs 4s.

SOMETHING that most women would like to have on their dressing table is Lanvin's new atomizer, which screws on to their 1-oz. bottles of perfume. Made in gilt, it matches the band round the stopper of the bottle, which is also in gilt metal. The whole thing is most attractive, and very effective for releasing a fine spray of fragrance, which to my mind is the best way of using scent.

Before leaving the dressing table I should like to draw your attention to the Illmond dispenser, which provides one of the nicest and neatest ways of keeping cotton-wool clean and ready to hand that I have yet come across. Put up in an attractive little cardboard container, it comes out neatly pleated

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THEY WERE MARRIED

[Continued
on page 24]



Lenore

Acland—Ryder Runton. Mr. Martin Edward Acland, son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Arthur Acland, of Standon Green End, Ware, Hertfordshire, married Miss Maureen Ryder Runton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. Ryder Runton, of Wheatley Chase, Ben Rhydding, Yorks, at St. Margaret's, Westminster.



Whatley—Davis. Mr. John Robert Whatley, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. O. E. G. Whatley, of Harbeespoort, South Africa, married Miss Ann Davis, daughter of Sir Gilbert Davis, Bt., of Broad Walk, Winchmore Hill, London, N.21, and Mrs. F. C. White, of Grays, Essex, at St. Mary's, The Boltons, S.W.10



Portman—Farris. Mr. Edward Henry Berkeley Portman, eldest son of the Hon. Michael Portman, of Portman Lodge, Durweston, Blandford, Dorset, married Miss Rosemary Joy Farris, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Farris, of Coombe Bissett, Salisbury, at Salisbury Cathedral.



Richardson—Cooper. Major John Henry Derek Richardson, 12th Royal Lancers, only son of Col. D. C. H. Richardson, M.C., of Kijango, Kenya, and Mrs. I. C. Richardson, of Cadogan Square, S.W.1, married Miss June Helen Cooper, younger daughter of Major and Mrs. E. J. Cooper, of Bafford Grange, Charlton Kings, Glos, at Charlton Kings

THEY WERE MARRIED

[Continuing from page 240]

Cross—Edwards. The marriage took place at St. Columba's Church, Pont Street, London, of Mr. Geoffrey Cross, chairman of the Royal Windsor Horse Show, and Miss Jill Edwards, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Edwards, of Park Farm, Felbridge, Sussex



Wheeler—Gilmour. Mr. John Michael Wheeler, only son of Mr. C. R. Wheeler, C.B.E., M.H., and Mrs. Wheeler, of the Old Croft, Bellingdon, Chesham, Bucks, married Miss J. R. Kirsty Gilmour, younger daughter of the late Mr. J. M. Gilmour and of Mrs. Gilmour, of Chapelton, Borgue, Kircudbrightshire, Scotland, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



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She is (if you haven't met her before) the Lady Bridget Garnett—just one of the many beautiful users of Pond's Beauty products. Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream cost 5/6 each. In smaller sizes too, and in tubes.

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Motoring

COMPRESSION RATIOS

A MORE balanced view on what Earls Court has shown is now possible. British makers displayed commendable enterprise in two directions; improvement of power output and ease of control. The Austin engines increase in compression ratio to 8.25 : 1 should be looked at against the background of past practice, when engines which were expected to use normally available fuels were down to about 6 : 1.

Increased compression ratio not only puts up performance, but it also improves fuel consumption at a given power output. The Morris range is using the compression ratio of 8.3 : 1 and the Minor, with its larger engine of 950 c.c. capacity, should now be one of the liveliest small cars. There will no longer be any justification for the criticisms sometimes heard of the earlier Minor that it was too heavy for its engine's power output.

In the Austin A 95 and A 105 the Borg-Warner transmission is available. With fully automatic gearbox the price of the A 95 saloon is £1,171 7s. The Princess IV saloon with automatic gearbox costs, with tax, £3,376 7s. The A 35 (compression ratio 8.3 to 1) two-door saloon, the "seven," costs £541 7s. with tax. On the A 50 the Manumatic transmission (which I have described fully in these pages) can be fitted for £50 extra or the Borg-Warner overdrive for £63 15s.

ONE or two further comments are needed about the higher compression ratios offered by Austin, Morris and others. Compression ratio is the ratio between the pressure of the gases in the cylinder when the piston is at the bottom of the stroke, and the pressure when it is at the top. Engine designers aim for the highest compression ratio possible; but they are limited by the fact that, above a certain point, detonation sets in. The charge, instead of burning and pushing the piston down firmly and smoothly, explodes. This causes the well-known pinking noise and produces overheating and other troubles.

Detonation at higher ratios can be prevented either by using fuels of high anti-knock rating such as are now available at all filling stations, or by design. The most massive results are obviously obtained by a bit of both. But although so much research has been done on the design of cylinder heads, improvements are still effected. I understand, for instance, that the new Bentley engine's 8 : 1 compression ratio is made feasible almost entirely by design and that very high octane fuels are not obligatory in this car.

Among the cars at Earls Court showing no change are the Bristol models, which are among my favourites. I like them because they give performance and elegance without excessive bulk. The Bristol engine, by the way, uses a compression ratio of 8.5 : 1 and is of two litres capacity.

—Oliver Stewart



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THOMAS TWINING (1675-1741), a portrait by Hogarth of the founder of the famous tea firm in the Strand, which this year is celebrating its 250th anniversary

DINING OUT

Regardless....!

LAST week we were dining downstairs at the Mirabelle and lunching in the docks at Tilbury. This week we are dining on top of the Dorchester and lunching at London Airport.

Thirty-two years ago the most famous motor cycle engine in the world was the J.A.P., which stood for the name of its creator, J. A. Prestwich. Thirty-two years ago his son, Edward Prestwich, aged eighteen, and myself used to race motor bikes at Brooklands with J.A.P. engines, and went on doing so for many years, so it was to the Dorchester that we went to celebrate his fiftieth birthday.

There are various ways of giving a party, one of them is "Regardless." Our host's translation of this word was to provide his sixteen guests with rooms in the hotel for the night. "Sleep where you eat" is apparently his rule for dining out, and a very good one, too. You can park your car in safety and abandon care.

The Penthouse at the Dorchester is an excellent choice for this sort of thing. First a cocktail party in one room, then in to dinner at a beautifully prepared round table in the room next door, each guest receiving a box containing a Royal Crown Derby ashtray. The dinner was a delight: Chablis with a mound of caviar which did not disappear in one mouthful; Château Montrose '47 with *Le Caneton d'Aylesbury à la Châtelaine de Tourbillon*, and pink champagne, Pommery and Greno 1950, with *L'Ananas Voilé à l'Orientale*. At 11 o'clock we went down to the restaurant for the cabaret and dancing and more pink champagne. At somewhere around 2 a.m. I had a large Scotch and mushrooms on toast. The years had fairly rolled away.

NEXT day, feeling a trifle battered, to the Central Restaurant, London Airport, where a farewell lunch was given to the four British chefs being sent to represent England at the International Cookery Exhibition at Frankfurt.

The team consisted of Mr. Arthur Hope, *chef de cuisine*, Euston Hotel; Eric Morrell, *chef de cuisine*, Devonshire Club, Leonard Nice, Chief Instructor, Portsmouth College of Technology, and John Potterton, Chef-Confectioner to Kunzle Ltd., of Birmingham.

Typical dishes they will prepare are roast grouse, beef steak, kidney and mushroom pudding (they had to take two hundred pudding-basins with them as they are unobtainable in Germany, which seems astonishing); boiled silverside, dumplings, onions, carrots; roast Aylesbury duckling, with sage stuffing, Bramley apple sauce, buttered minted marrowfat peas and roast potatoes seasoned with pulverized lemon thyme. In addition they will present nineteen cold dishes.

With the party was Walter Bachmann, Britain's official delegate.

Lunch at the Airport was given by Charles Forte, who had left all arrangements in the capable hands of Barney Labanyi, late "King of the Criterion," who had co-opted his *maître chef*, Jean Micheaud, into preparing a suitable feast to send the party on their way replete.

—I. Bickerstaff

DINING IN

Women and wine

BECAUSE women, today, not only very often choose the wines to be served at table but also, on their own account, do a great deal of entertaining both in restaurants and at home, wine shippers and growers are taking a much greater interest in them.

Some of these merchants will go as far as to admit that many women have better "noses" than many men and that their palates are not likely to have been destroyed by smoking cigars and pipes. My own guess is that women, generally, are not so prone to the kinds of head colds which seem to beset men.

What pleases me is that, at long last, ladies have been invited by Guy Prince to their own wine-tasting in the cellars of J. P. L. Lebègue, the world's largest shippers of French wines. For too long, we women have left the selection of wines to men, which frankly is a big mistake. After all, we control the kitchen and the partnership of food and wine is undissolvable. Food, wine—wine, food—it does not matter. The main thing is that the two should be compatible.

For example, Marquis Bertrand de Lur-Saluces, owner of Château Yquem, said, "You cannot find a wine to go with Chocolate Mousse." How right he was! Champagne, perhaps?—but it would be thoroughly unfair to it.

I have a theory that no vintage wine can stand up to a dressed green salad, however mild the dressing is. For this reason, I always leave my salad until after its normal accompanying course has, with its wine, been consumed. One can then enjoy it—the salad refreshing the palate, as it were, for the next dish and the next wine.

AND now from the cellars in London to vast underground "galleries" in Epernay. Count Robert de Vogüé, head of the famous champagne firm of Moët et Chandon, invited a party of guests, including four ladies, to visit his vineyards and the cellars—fifteen miles of them! We stayed at the beautiful Château de Saran, overlooking the magnificent valley of the Marne. (It is at this château that young students of wine from all over the world will be accommodated.)

There will be no 1956 vintage of champagne from Moët et Chandon, for the weather there has been just as unkind to the vineyards as it has been to our own farmlands. In some of the vineyards, hail had holed the leaves so badly that one might at first have thought that caterpillars had been at work. What should have been lovely pale jade bunches of grapes were distorted and misshapen, parts of the grapes being brown and withered. Still, there will be ample champagne because the "reserve" is great enough to allow for the bad-weather years.

Food and wine! Imagine being served at one meal with Moët et Chandon Brut Imperial, 1898, and Château Margaux, 1901—a never-to-be-forgotten claret which strangely coloured the clear glass decanter with a shot green and damask-rose-red tone. Extraordinary! And the cognac of 1893 was mellow and softly warming as only an old brandy can be.

—Helen Burke





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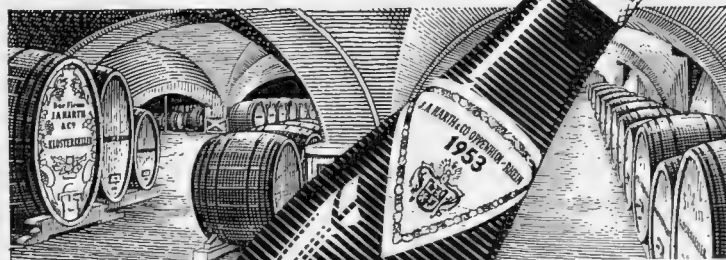
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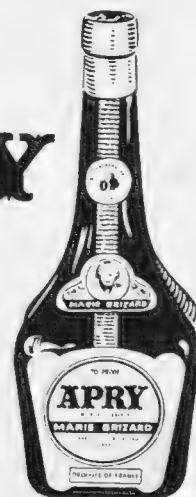


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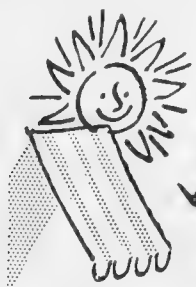
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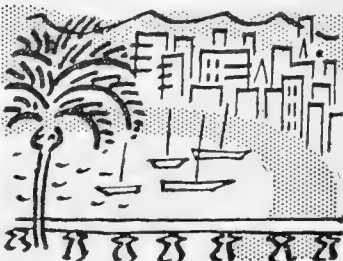
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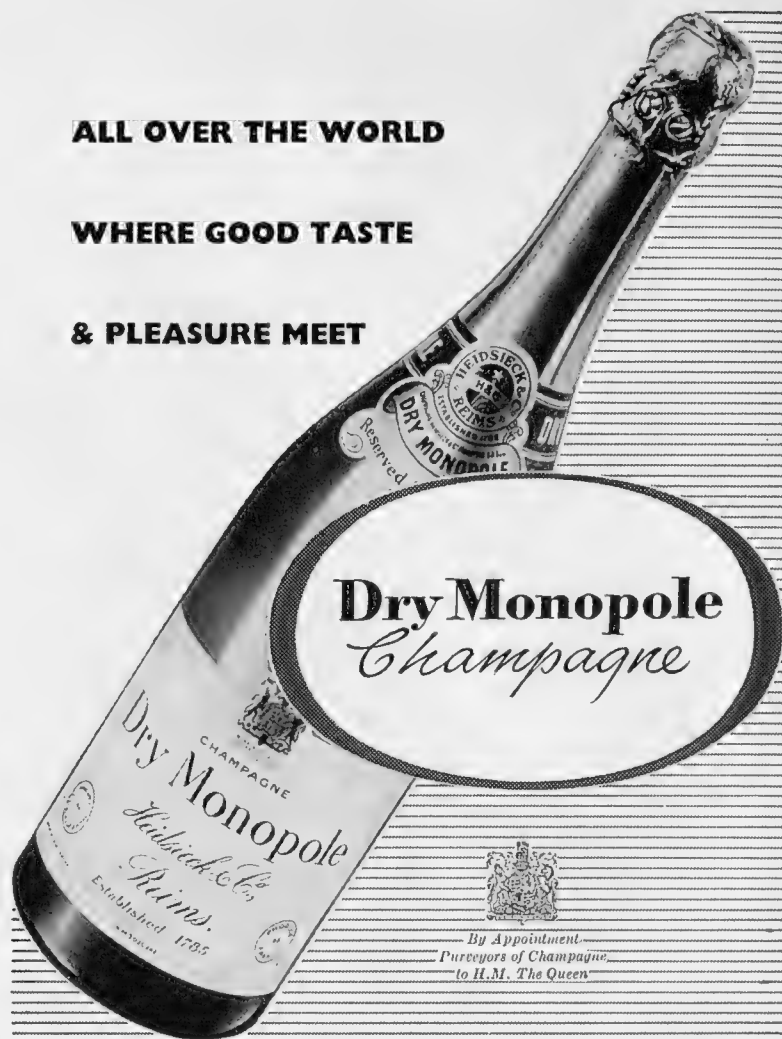
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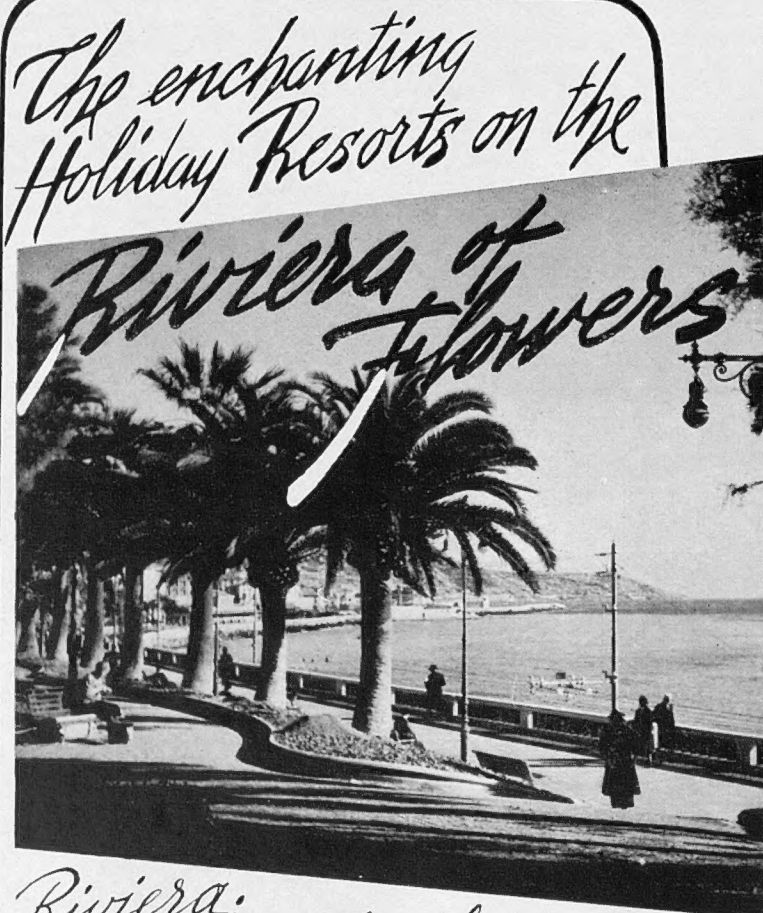
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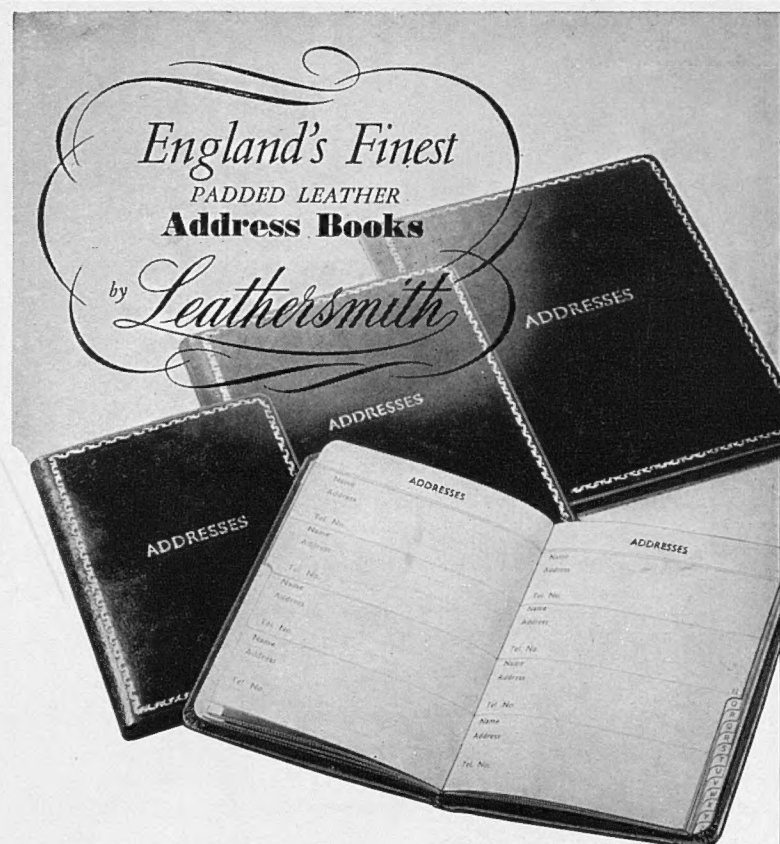
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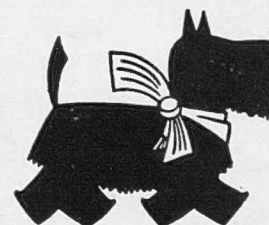
The 1957 Models offer better value than ever.
E.10, 10 ft., 3 berth (4 berth optional).
BOUNTY, Mk. 3, 12 ft., 4 berth.
DOMINANT, Mk. 2, 14 ft., 4 berth.
ARISTOCRAT, Mk. 2, 15 ft., 6 ins., plus bay, 4 berth.
E.10, 16 ft., 4 berth.
EVERSURE, Mk. 3, 18 ft., 6 ins., plus bay, 4 berth.

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THE MOTOR SHOW
Earls Court, London
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